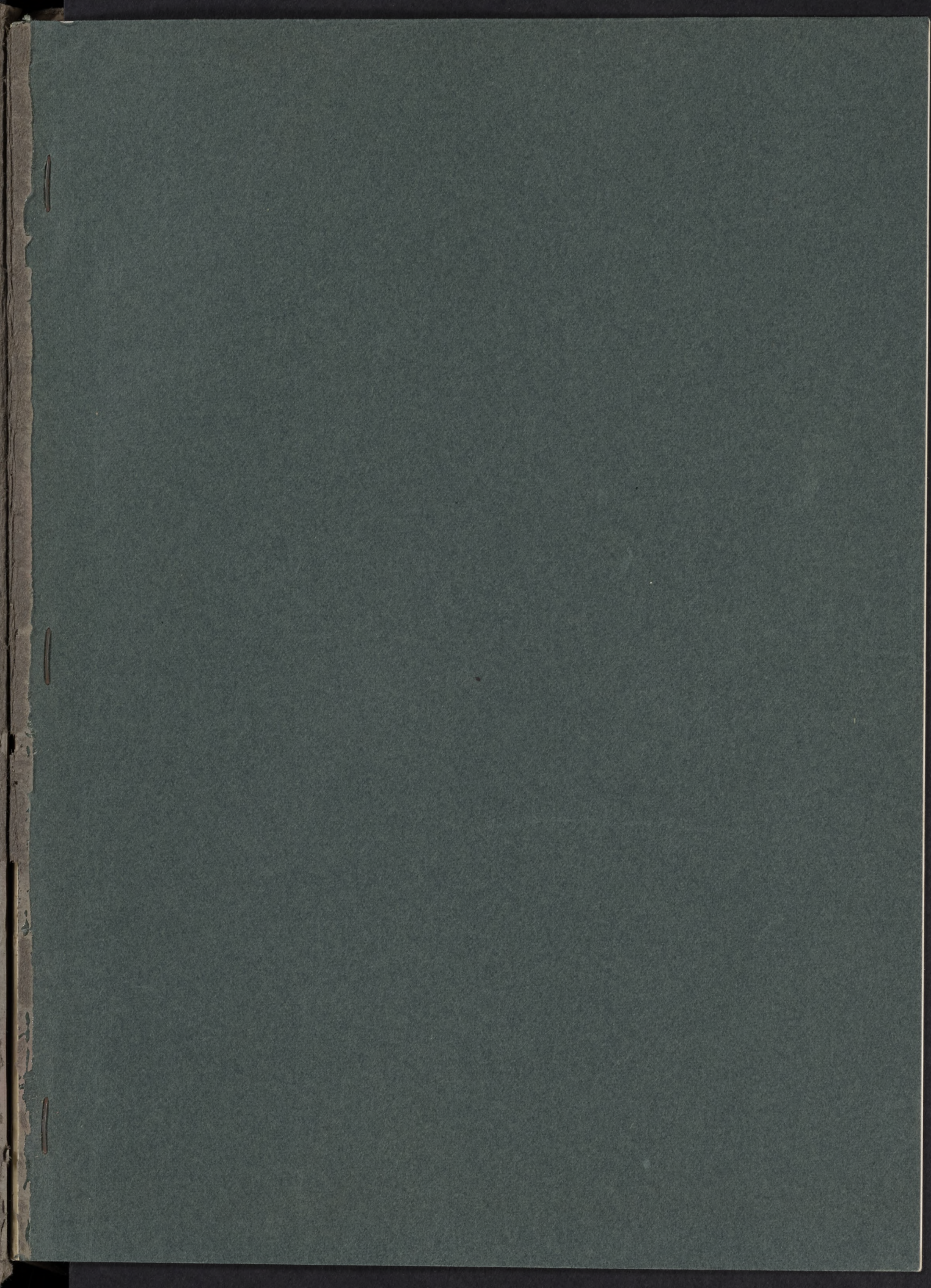


The PIONEER



1 9 2 5



Henry Altshuler.

The PIONEER

A Record of the College Year

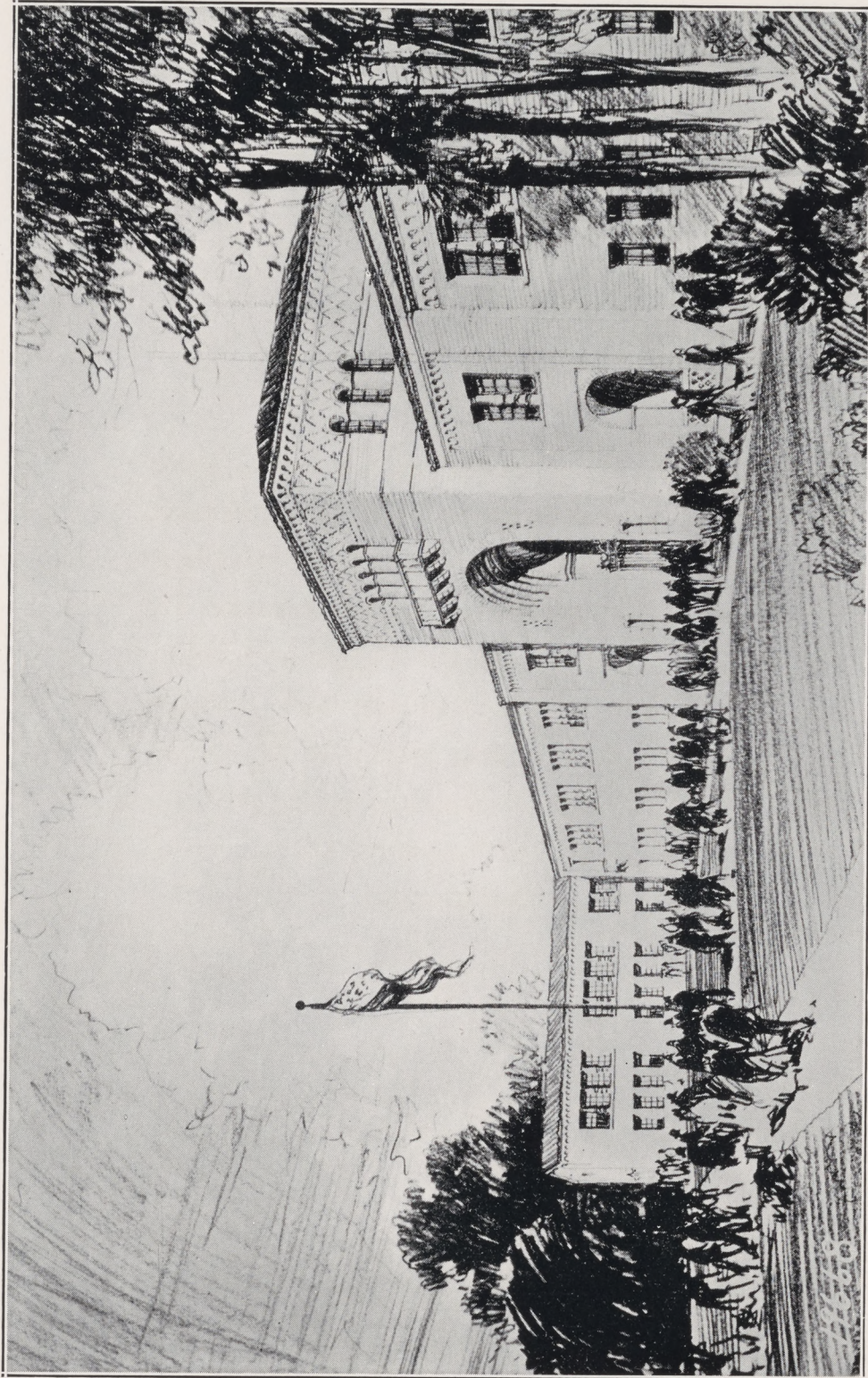
1924-1925



PUBLISHED BY

The Associated Students of the
Sacramento Junior College

Sacramento, California



Dean & Dean, Architects

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW SACRAMENTO JUNIOR COLLEGE

Wm. C. Keating, General Contractor

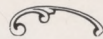
Dedication

WE, the Students of the Sacramento Junior College, with due gratitude and appreciation for our college privileges and opportunities, do hereby dedicate the 1925 "Pioneer", to the bigger and better institution which has been made possible by the wisdom and vision of the Board of Education and the generosity of the tax-payers of Sacramento.





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Appreciation



FEW students now passing out of the Sacramento Junior College have failed to come in close contact with our president, Mr. J. B. Lillard, and our dean, Miss Belle Cooledge. Whether this contact has been to a greater or less extent, doubtless no student fully appreciates the great benefit he has received from these two, our college guardians.

Not many years ago—nine to be exact—our junior college was born, and what a college it was! It was considered little more than an institution in which high school students received two years of post-graduate work—regular advanced high school work—under a college name. But, there was in charge of this institution a woman who might be defined as a trained nurse of education. She was able to nurse, pet, and coax the budding Sacramento Junior College from its infant state to its present state of adolescence. She drew it farther and farther away from the prevailing high school atmosphere; we are now absolutely distinct from the high school. How could she have done all this without ambition, foresight and above all, love? It is indeed hard to appreciate all that Miss Belle Cooledge has done for us.

In the Fall of 1923, when this graduating class really came into existence, students were able to step from the position of high school graduates direct to that of college students, a most important step. At the time of our entering the college as students there also entered with us one who was to serve as our guide—Mr. Jeremiah B. Lillard, who has proved himself capable of enacting both the role of college president and that of comrade. He is indeed a find. As to his ambition, our coming Junior College building speaks for itself.

Before we pass let us not forget our faculty; surely they have some claim to the honors of making our institution what it is. In our faculty we are leaving behind us a group that has had much more to do with the molding of our minds than we may easily imagine. Whatever successes we may meet in coming years we will owe in great part to the many hours we have spent with our instructors.

For all of the kindnesses of the past and for success to come we happily set aside these few pages of the 1925 Pioneer as an appreciation of our president, our dean, and our faculty.



MR. JEREMIAH B. LILLARD
President

MISS BELLE COLEDGE
Dean



Board of Education

Mr. William A. Meyer, President

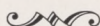
Mr. James B. Giffen

Mrs. George B. Lorenz

Mrs. Sam H. Cohn

Mr. J. E. Lynn

Mr. Chas. C. Hughes, City Superintendent of Schools



Faculty

Bell, Archibald Weir.....Zoology
University of California, A. B.
University of California, Summer sessions

Briscoe, Mabel.....French and Spanish
Royal University of Dublin, Ireland
Queen's University of Belfast, Ireland, B. A.
University of California, Summer sessions

Edwin I. Cook
Cook, Edwin I.....
.....Political Science and Economics
Ursinus College, A. B.
University of Chicago Law School
University of California and Stanford, Summer sessions
Stanford University, A. M.

Coolidge, Belle.....Dean of Women
University of California, B. S.
University of California, Summer sessions
Army School of Nursing

Eastman, Margaret.....Librarian
Library Training, State of California
Library
University of California, Summer sessions

Finnie, Cara McCoy.....English
University of California, A. B.
Columbia University, M. A.

Frazer, Holland.....Music
University of South Dakota, A. B.
Summer Sessions at Washington and California

Gayman, Warren Wesley.....Physics
University of Chicago, A. B.
Summer sessions at California and Stanford

Hart, Agnes Needham.....English
University of Pacific, B. S.
University of Pacific, M. A.
University of California, B. A.
Summer session at University of Southern California

Lillard, Jeremiah Beverly.....President
Stanford University, A. B.
University of California, M. A.
Summer sessions at University of California

McCormick, Robert Earl.....
.....Philosophy and Psychology
University of Texas, A. B.
Harvard University, M. A.
Summer sessions University of California

McGeorge, Verne Adrian.....
.....Law and Geography
Stanford University, A. B.
University of Chicago, J. D.
Member of the Bar

Murphy, Mary Agnes.....
.....English and Public Speaking
Mills College, B. L.
University of California, M. L.
Summer sessions at University of California

Norton, John Henry.....Chemistry
University of Missouri, B. Agr.
University of Missouri, B. S.
University of Missouri, M. S.
Summer sessions at Chicago, Missouri, Illinois and California

Robbins, Louise Falk.....
.....Botany and Biology
University of Iowa, B. A.
University of Colorado, M. A.
Work at Universities of Wisconsin and California

Karl W. Shattuck
Shattuck, Karl Wilde.....
.....Geology and Hygiene for Men
University of California, B. S.
Regular and Summer session work at California

Steinbach, Herman Reinhard.....
.....German and Latin
University of California, B. L.
University of California, M. L.
Summer session at California
Passed California Bar Examination

Thorpe, Truman Darby.....
.....Civil Engineering
United States Military Academy Graduate
Summer session University of California

Wallace, Whittier Worthington.....
.....Mathematics
Stanford University, A. B.
Stanford University, A. M.
Summer session at Stanford

Ward, Harold.....Art
Pratt Institute Graduate
Paris, Private Art Instruction
Carmel Studio Work
Summer sessions at California

Waterhouse, Alfred James.....Journalism
Ripon College
Practical Newspaper Experience
Summer session at California

Wright, Grace Anna.....History
University of Wisconsin, A. B.
University of Wisconsin, A. M.
Summer sessions at Wisconsin and California

Zallio, Anthony Guiseppe.....
.....French, Italian and Fencing
University of Turin, B. L.
Summer sessions at California and Stanford Universities

Genevieve Baker

A Tribute Written by A. J. Waterhouse

SHE passed this way. Lo, we were worn
With futile toil of weary ways;
Too oft we stood with those who mourn
The changeless rhythm of our days,
Life's slaves ensnared—and then she came,
Came with a smile, a song to cheer,
And life forgot its sullen claim
And joyed with us, since she was here,
She passed this way.

She passed this way. We know not how
She bound us in her witchery's chain,
But still before her shade we bow,
Although she passeth not again.
Her laughter was an unwrit song
That cheered us oft upon the road
Where we do wander with the throng
That seeketh the unknown abode.
She passed this way.

She passed this way, nor may she pass
Again in all the coming years,
Yet may we never cry "Alas!"
Nor drown her memory in our tears,
For we are better that she passed
This way and left her smile to bless;
Though sorrow's dreadful shade is cast
O'er those who loved her, still no less
She passed this way.

"And it might have been any one of us," I said to a young friend of mine.

"Yes," was his reply, "but not a one of us who would have been missed so much."

I think that he was right. Among all the liked and likeable students of the Sacramento Junior College, among the many who have endeared themselves to us, I doubt that there was one who was so general a favorite as Genevieve Baker.

One need not look far to ascertain the reason why she was loved. She carried kindness and good cheer with her wherever she went. She was a constant volunteer in any service that gladdens others. Must one play the piano that others might dance? Pass along the hall, and you would be likely to see Genevieve at the piano. Others were glad in the fantastic rhythm of the music; she was glad because they were happy, and who can doubt that the philosophers are right in asserting that life's greatest happiness is found in contributing to the happiness of others?

Cheerful, helpful, embodiment of kindness, she was with us one day, and the next day the dark folds of the Great Mystery had closed about her.

We have missed her, and we shall continue to do so. School work and school play continue, but one who was a notable part of it all is missing. Perhaps, in such manner as we may not know, that bright spirit still joins with us in work and smiles with us in pleasure. Who knows? Ah, well—

Good night, good morn, but not good-by.
We still will hold 'mid doubt and gloom
That partings here do but supply
New faith in life beyond the tomb.
We yet shall meet her, take her hand—
That helpful hand we knew so well—
In some bright sphere divinely planned
As surcease of life's doubtful spell.



Away

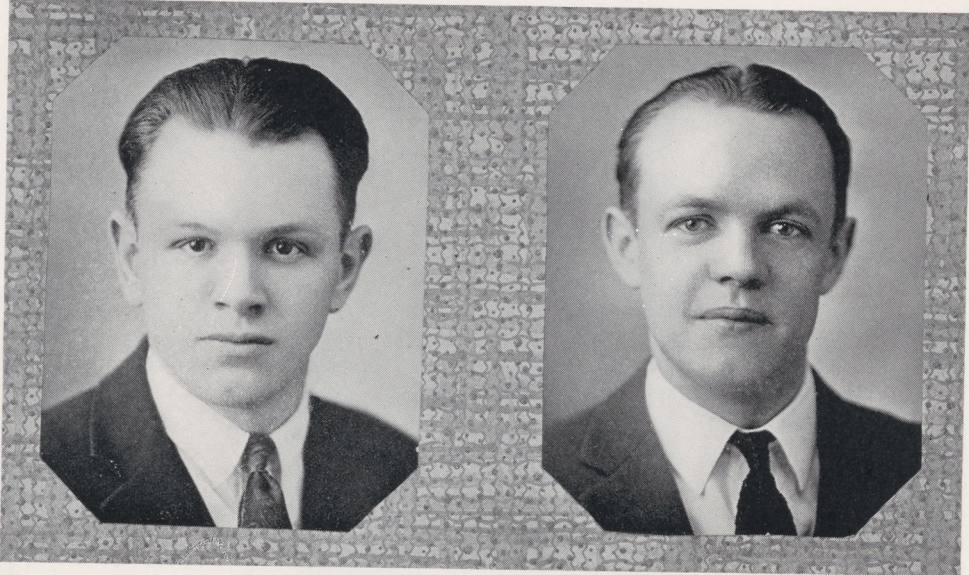
I CANNOT say, and I will not say
That she is dead. She is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
She has wandered into an unknown land

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there,
And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return

Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of *There*, as the love of *Here*.
Think of her still as the same, I say,
She is not dead—she is just away

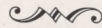
James Whitcomb Riley

Pioneer Staff, 1925



LEIGH S. SHOEMAKER
Editor

JAMES A. SHERITT
Manager



VIRGINIA VOORHEIS
Associate Editor

CHARLES GIMBLETT
Assistant Manager

MILDRED O'BRIEN
Assistant Manager

Foreword



IN PUBLISHING a book of this sort, two phases of college life must be given due consideration—the two years' activities of the out-going class, and those of the whole for the year just passing. The "Pioneer", then, is meant to be a personal record of the graduates and a resume of the past year of Junior College life. May we graduates continue our goodfellowship and good citizenship in the future as we have enjoyed it in the past.

—THE EDITOR.





Pioneer Staff 1925

Editor - - - - -	Leigh S. Shoemaker
Business Manager - - -	James A. Sherritt
Assistant Editor - - -	Virginia Voorheis
Assistant Business Managers -	Charles Gimblett Mildred O'Brien
Sport Editors - - - -	Viola Cox, Joe Kesler
Literary - - - - -	Verna Hannah
Society - - - - -	Vesta Raynsford
Dramatics - - - - -	Helen Myra Maughmer
Head of Art Department - - -	Jack Schulze
Artists - - - - -	Faye French Chester Stone Eva Bailey Charles Uomini Eva Arbogast Franklin Burke
Calendar - - - - -	Bernice Decker
Snapshots - - -	Margaret Kane, Elizabeth Fletcher
Impressions - - -	Byron Prouty, Phil Broughton
Alumnae - - - - -	Dorothy Talbot
Class History - - - - -	Meredith Pollock
Jokes - - - - -	Ed Whitaker
Organizations Editor - - -	Olive Ehrhardt
Philosophical Club - - -	Dorothy Brandenburger
A. A. E. - - - - -	William Boden
Student Council - - -	Dale Hunter, Ruth Bennett
Fencing Club - - - - -	Charles Uomini
Co-op Store - - - - -	Phil Broughton
"Blotter" - - - - -	George Uhl, Eva Arbogast
Orchestra - - - - -	Alice Whalen
Men's Glee - - - - -	Percy Westerberg
Women's Glee - - - - -	Caroline Elliott



The Pioneers

By Felix G. Pryme

They came to the West when the West was young,
And the star of its hope hung o'er them,
Behind them the land that the bards had sung,
And the world of their dreams before them.
The gray, gray desert reached out to still
Their hearts in the grim endeavor,
But it held no dread for their quenchless will,
With its "Westward! Westward ever!"

But they march, they march to the long review,
And they fade and die as the blossoms do,
And they answer no more the call they knew,
With its "Westward! Westward ever!"

In desolate places or canyons gray
The skulking savage was near,
And the landmarks strewn on the dreary way
Were the bones of the pioneer.
O, they walked with Death, and they talked with Death,
But they heeded his menace never,
For a message came with its healing breath,
With its "Westward! Westward ever!"

O, they builded a state that is strong and great
In lands that are fair as the gods create,
But their hearts are stilled, and no more they wait
For the "Westward! Westward ever!"

Ah, men of the old, we have love for you,
A love with our sorrow blended;
We've a cheer and a tear for the ageing few,
Thinned rank of a legion splendid.
The deserts have blossomed, the hills rejoice—
Rare fruit of your high endeavor—
But your old hearts thrill to a long hushed voice,
With its "Westward! Westward ever!"

Oh, out of the haze of the sunset glow,
Down to the shore where the last tides flow,
You march, with a dream in your hearts, I know,
Of the "Westward! Westward ever!"





PERCY WESTERBERG	ROBERT MALLOWAY	CLARICE RUNYON	EDWIN CECHETTINI
LEAHRENE SLATER	ROY PORTMAN	JAMES SHERRITT	OLIVE EHRHARDT
HOMER O'BRIEN	ETTROIIE BROWN	DE WITT SPARK	



Graduates

PERCY FOSTER WESTERBERG

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Dramatics '23, '23, '24
"Jottings" '23
Associate Editor "Blotter" '23
Student Body Secretary, '24
Sophomore Class President '24
Secretary Men's Glee Club '24, '25
Fencing

ETTROILE KENT BROWN

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

CLARICE RUNYON

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Volley Ball '24
"Blotter" '24

ROBERT WILLIAM MALLOWAY

Maxwell, California
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Football '22
Track '23
Member of A. A. E.

EDWIN CHARLES CECHETTINI

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Tennis '24, '25
Co-operative Store Manager, '24, '25
Assistant Manager "Pioneer" '24

LEAHRENE KATHERINE SLATER

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Girls' Athletics
"Pioneer" Staff '24
"Blotter" Staff '24

JAMES ADDLEY SHERRITT

Lincoln, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Council '23
Constitutional Committee '23
Basketball '23
Basketball Manager '23, '24
Advertising Manager "Blotter" '23
"Blotter" Manager '24
Glee Club '24, '25
Philosophical Club
"Pioneer" Manager '25
Tennis '24

ROY ELBERT PORTMAN

Colusa, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
President Dramatics Club '23
Dramatics '23, '24
Fencing
Treasurer Student Body '24, '24
Member Student Council '24

OLIVE CATHERINE EHRHARDT

Elk Grove, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
"Pioneer" '25

HOMER WALTER O'BRIEN

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Track

DE WITT LEONARD SPARK

Roseville, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
"Pioneer" '25



JOHN TUCKER
(No Picture)

CHARLES GIMBLETT

VERNA HANNAH

JOHN CORVIN

DORIS GERRISH

HENRY MACARTHUR

IRVIN FORD

ALETA VOSS

HELEN ROHL

LYNN SMITH



Graduates

CHARLES ALFRED GIMBLETT

Sacramento, California

PRE-LEGAL

Football '24
President Sophomore Class '25
Glee Club '24, '25
Assistant Manager "Pioneer" '25
Member of Student Council '25

ELIZABETH VERNA HANNAH

Sacramento, California

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Student Body Councilman, '24, '25
Vice-president Student Body '25
Manager Dramatics '24
Vice-president Freshman Class '23
"Blotter" Staff '24
"Pioneer" Staff '25
Fencing

DORIS MIRIAM GERRISH

Elk Grove, California

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Glee Club '24, '25
Member Philosophical Club
Fencing

JOHN WALTER CORVIN

Roseville, California

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Member of A. A. E.

IRVIN CHESTER FORD

Sacramento, California

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

Football '22
Glee Club '22, '24, '25
Fencing '23, '24, '25
Fencing Manager '24, '25

HENRY CRAWFORD MAC ARTHUR

Winters, California

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Associate Editor "Pioneer" '24
Associate Editor "Blotter" '25
Glee Club '23, '24, '25
Orchestra '24, '25

ALETA MILDRED VOSS

Elk Grove, California

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

HELEN MARIE ROHL

Sacramento, California

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Glee Club '24, '25
Vice-president of Freshmen Class, '23
Dramatics, '24
Member Philosophical Club
Volley Ball '24

JOHN THOMAS TUCKER

Livingston, Montana

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Football '22, '24
Football Captain '23
Basketball '23
Member of A. A. E.

LYNN DAILEY SMITH

Fair Oaks, California

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Member of A. A. E.

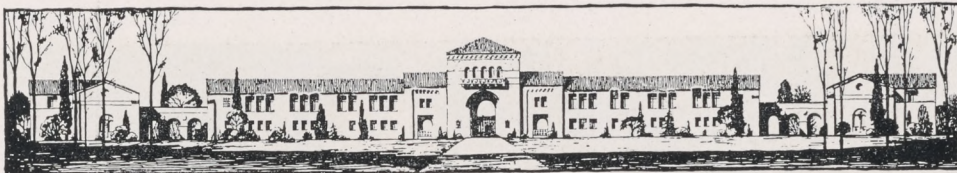


JACK KINGSBURY
VESTA RAYNSFORD
HENRY SLEEPER
HELEN KAUFFMANN

ADRIAN WAHLANDER
RADFORD AMADEN

DOLORES CAMERON
ELIZABETH FLETCHER

JACK SCHULZE
LEIGH SHOEMAKER



Graduates

ADRIAN ALBERT WAHLANDER

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Member of A. A. E.
President of A. A. E. '25

DOLORES CAMERON

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

JOHN LAURENCE KINGSBURY

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Football '22
Basketball '23 '24

JACK HENRY SCHULZE

Elk Grove, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Football '24
Baseball '24, '25
Dramatics '24, '25
"Pioneer" Staff '25
Glee Club '24, '25
Student Council '25
Member A. A. E.

VESTA MAY RAYNSFORD

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Social Manager '24, '25
"Pioneer" Staff, '24, '25
Dramatics '23, '24
Fencing

LEIGH STEVENSON SHOEMAKER

Castle Rock, Washington
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Football '22, '23
Basketball '23
Baseball '24
Basketball Manager '25
Vice-president Glee Club '24
President Glee Club '25
President A. A. E. '24
Dramatics '24
Orchestra '24, '25
"Blotter" '25
"Pioneer" '25

HENRY ALBERT SLEEPER

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Glee Club '24, '25
Circulation Manager "Blotter" '23

HELEN ELEANOR KAUFFMAN

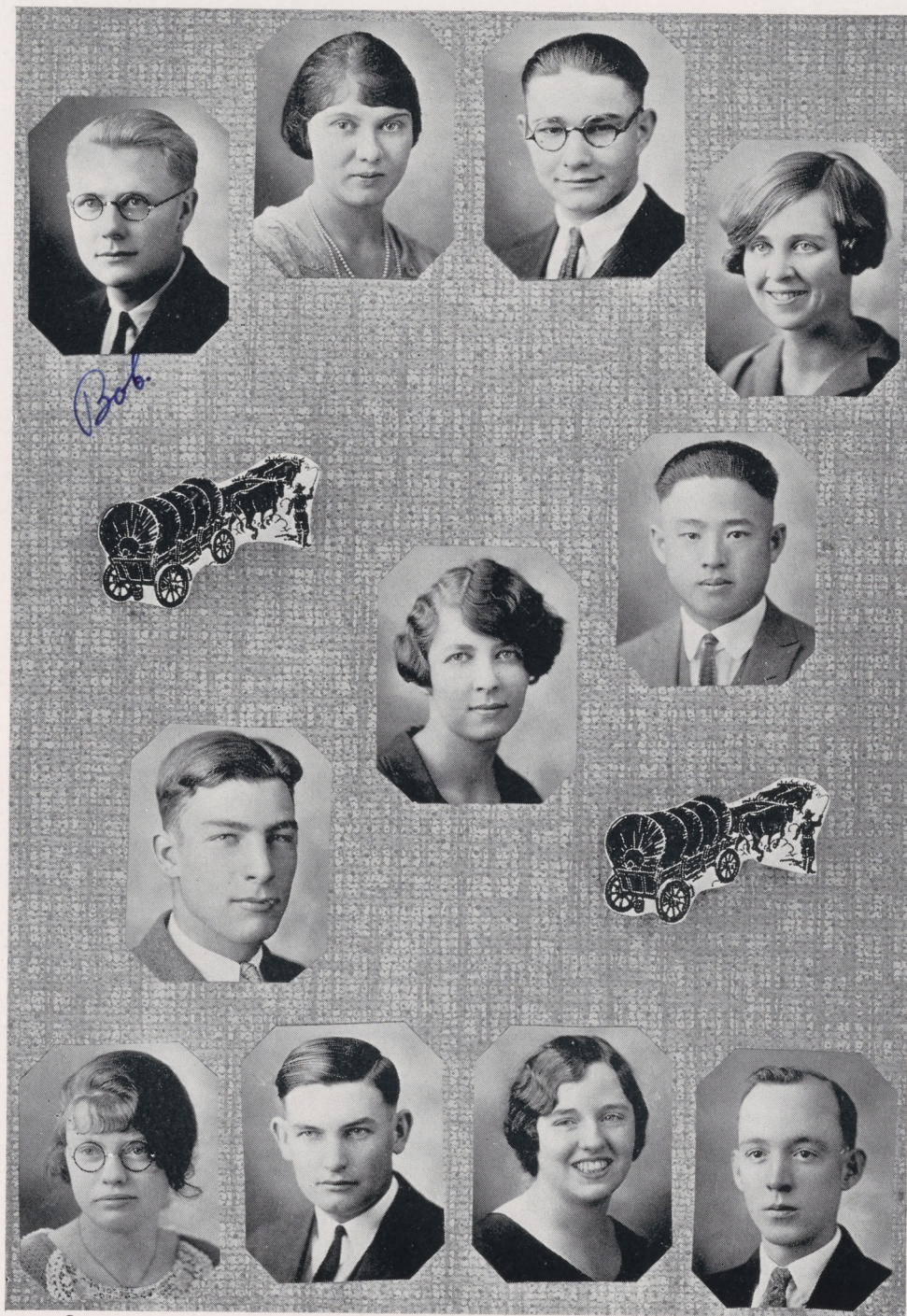
Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Girls' Athletics

RADFORD RALPH AMADEN

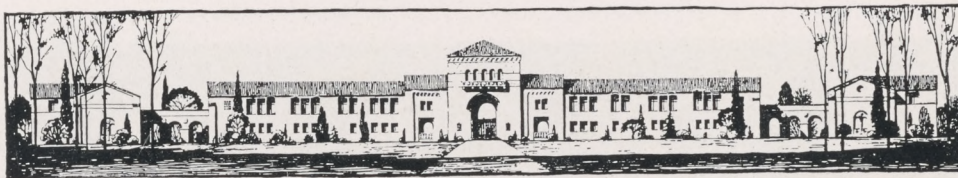
Sacramento, California
PRE-LEGAL
Glee Club (pianist) '24, '25
Fencing '24, '25

ELIZABETH LYLE FLETCHER

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Vice-president Sophomores '24
Dramatics '23, '24
Girls' Athletics
"Blotter" Staff '24
"Pioneer" Staff '24, '25



ROBERT JENSEN	MEREDITH POLLOCK	LOUIS GEBHARDT	HELEN BRADDOCK
GORDON NIEBLING	ROSETTA FOSTER	JACOB YEE	
AILEEN VAN VOORHIES	EDWIN FAIRBAIRN	ALICE WHALEN	PHILIP BROUGHTON



Graduates

ROBERT PHILLIP JENSEN

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Glee Club '24, '25
President of Student Body '25
Completed First Year at Stanford Univ.

LOUIS PHILLIP GEBHARDT

Ione, California
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Football, '23
Member of A. A. E.

LOUISE MEREDITH POLLOCK

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
"Pioneer" Staff '25
Girls' Athletics

HELEN ELIZABETH BRADDOCK

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

ROSETTA LELAND FOSTER

Siskiyou, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
"Blotter" Staff '24
Girls' Athletics

JACOB YEE

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
Basketball '24, '25
Baseball '24, '25

GORDON STANLEY NIEBLING

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Football '23, '24
Football Manager '24
Assistant Track Manager '24

ALICE ELEANOR WHALEN

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Secretary of Sophomore Class '25
String Trio '24 (pianist)
Glee Club '24, '25 (pianist)
Orchestra '24, '25 (pianist)
"Pioneer" '24, '25
Fencing

DORIS AILEEN VAN VOORHIES

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Glee Club '24, '25
Girls' Athletics

PHILIP STEPHENS BROUGHTON

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
President of Freshmen Class '23
President of Student Body '24
Debating Team '23, '24
Debating Manager '23, '24
Dramatics '23
President Philosophical Club '25
"Blotter" '25
"Pioneer" '25
Election Manager '25

EDWIN ALEXANDER FAIRBAIRN

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Secretary of Freshmen Class '24
Secretary of A. A. E. '24
Member of A. A. E. '23, '24, '25



CLARA BELLE WERNER
JULIUS FRIESEKE

THOMAS STOCK
HELENA HARPER

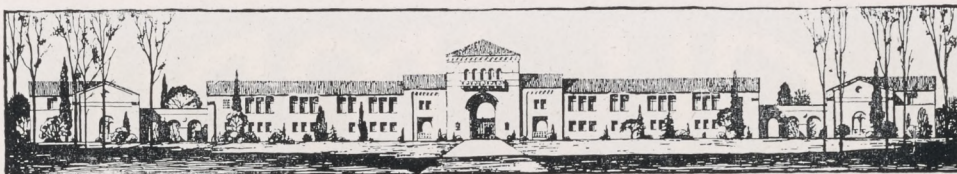
PAULINE NORBOE
MARTIN RIES

CHESTER STONE
RUTH EHRHARDT
THORNWALD JENSEN

EDWARD SMITH

BYRON PROUTY

HELEN TABOR



Graduates

CLARA BELLE WERNER

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

THOMAS LELAND STOCK

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Fencing
Member of Philosophical Club

JULIUS FRIESEKE

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Second Vice-President A. A. E. '25
Orchestra '24, '25

HELENA HESTER HARPER

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Glee Club
Basketball

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

Stockton, California
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
Member of Student Council '23
Debating Team '23, '24
President Freshmen Class '24
Constitutional Committee
'Pioneer' Staff '24
Glee Club '24, '25
Student Body President '24
Fencing

BYRON CHARLESWORTH PROUTY

Ione, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Football '24, '25
Basketball '24, '25
Track '24
Fencing
Member Student Council '25
Member of Philosophical Club
Orchestra '25
Glee Club '24, '25
'Pioneer' Staff '25

PAULINE MARY NORBOE

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Fencing
Basketball Team '25

HOWARD CHESTER STONE

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
Dramatics '24, '25
'Pioneer' '24, '25

MARTIN RIES

Marysville, California
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Member of A. A. E.
First Vice-president A. A. E. '25

RUTH LOUISE EHRHARDT

Elk Grove, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
Member of Philosophical Club
Fencing

THORWALD ERWIN JENSEN

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
'Co-op' Manager '23, '24
Fencing
Vice-president Student Body, '24
General Manager Student Body, '25

HELEN WINIFRIED TABOR

Sacramento, California
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE



1918.

Edna Banks—Teacher at Brete Harte School, Sacramento.
Coralie Cress—Residing in Sacramento.
Dorothy Guild—Taught one year at Orangevale. Now Mrs. A. C.
Rachael Look—Attended Stanford University. Now works at the State Library.
Davis McCullough—Teaching in the bay district.

1922.

Ruth Bender—Attending University of California. Student interior decorating.
Rosemary Harkin—Graduate student at University of California. Preparing to be a history teacher.
Ester Siebe—Attended U. C. Majored in music and English.
Alice Wimperis—Now Mrs. J. Bligh.

1923.

Richard Batte—Attending University of California.
Oscar Blumberg—Attending University of California.
Lucile Derr—Attending University of California.
Ruth Dodds—Attending University of California.
James Donegan—Working in Roseville.
Helen Fox—Attending University of California.
Paul Garnett—Lives at Oakland. In dining car service as a steward on the Southern Pacific.
Theresa Harper—Just graduated from U. C.
Katherine Hart—Now Mrs. Henry Kleinsorge.
Mildred Jenkins—Graduated from U. C. in class of 1925.
Richard Link—Attending University of California.
John Meyer—Attending U. C. Has just completed his third year.
Albert Mullnix—Working for the S. P. in Roseville.
Constance O'Neill—Attending University of California.
Cora Patterson—Attending University of California.
Lewellyn Penny—Graduated from U. C. in class of 1925, as an accountant.
Laurie Riggs—Attending University of California.
Dallas Smith—Engaged to be married.
Fred Sommers—Graduated from U. C. in class of 1925, from the College of Commerce.
Isabel Taylor—Teaching.
Paul Voss—Attending Stanford University.
George Winslow—In Roseville.

1924.

Josephine Chispa Barnes—Attending University of California. Living in Berkeley.



- Charles Alvin Beach—A Fencing Master.
 Lloyd Francis Bruno—Attending University of California.
 Paul Wesley Bruton—Nursemaid for Hindu baggage in Woodland.
 Going to U. C. in the Fall.
 Charles Oliver Busick, Jr.—Attending University of California.
 Lovett Ming Chan—Now married. Going to U. C.
 Charles Malcolm Chase—Living in San Francisco.
 Lloyd Kenneth Chorley—Attending University of California.
 Annette Katherine Cremin—Now resuming her studies at S. J. C.
 Bertha Jean Gilmore—Attending University of California.
 Margaret Elizabeth Hamilton—Working in Hale's Advertising Department.
 Bernice Clara Herold—Attending University of California.
 Amelia Bernice Hemenway—Going to Standard School.
 Bertha Eliza Herring—Teaching school at Lincoln.
 George Henry Hinkle—Attending Stanford.
 William Sanford Howe—Attending Stanford University.
 Margaret Hunt—Now attending University of California.
 Harold Harmer Jeffrey—Working.
 Mabel Madeline Kleinsorge—Going to Heald's Business College.
 Gustave Korstein—Attending University of California.
 Charlotte Layer Krebs—Attending University of California.
 Elizabeth Laidlaw—Attending University of California.
 Peter Come Law—Attending University of California.
 Edwin Henry Morgan—Continuing his studies at S. J. C.
 Wilmer Wayne Morse—Attending University of California.
 Susan Reid Norton—Resuming her studies at S. J. C.
 Katherine Jeanna Pearson—Attending University of California.
 Mary Inez Pepper—Working in Sacramento.
 Emma Lois Pepper—Working in Sacramento.
 Eunice Estelle Reader—Attending University of California.
 Merle Clarence Shreck—Studying law at Hastings School, S. F.
 Chester Wilson Taylor—Attending University of California.
 Lowell Elliott Thompson—Going to San Jose Normal.
 Alma Lena May Thomson—Attending San Jose Normal.
 Marion Leone Walton—Attending San Jose Normal.
 Alice Lillian Warren—Stenographer in an insurance office.
 William Lane Wells—Now married. Working for Standard Oil Co.
 Jean Kathryn Worthington—Attending U. C. Majoring in music.
 Lillian Bertha Wright—Attending University of California.



Editorial



College and Politics

Regularly once a semester there comes to the Sacramento Junior College a period, probably of two weeks' duration, that heretofore has proved to be one of the most interesting parts of the college life, excluding final examinations, of course. This two week period of high excitement and mystery comes prior to the student election and the climax is reached only when the last ballot has been counted.

During this period of intense interest many things are done and many words come to life that are at the moment regretted. Enemies are made by the scores and friends in about the same proportion. There are those who claim to be neutral as to their political affiliations, and in consequence they are regarded with more suspicion than are the out and out enemy. Even the faculty are sometimes accused of spreading propaganda for one side or another. All in all the Junior College student elections take on the atmosphere of a National Political Campaign.

The questions now arise, "What good does all this student upheaval do? Does opposition among the students operate for the good of the college?" In answer to the latter question, we say, "yes", but if this atmosphere were to remain within the college more than the prescribed time of two weeks it would doubtless be necessary that the above answer be altered? As it is, we will now endeavor to answer the former; the few weeks of political excitement serve only as a stimulant for more and greater activity among the students. It creates interest in the institution that, up to the election period, was practically unheard of. More interest is taken in the government of the Associated Students, and in consequence this same government becomes more and more efficient. In short, college becomes much more than a mere mill of learning. It becomes a place of activity, a real good place in which to pass a few years of one's life, and the more intense these elections become the greater becomes the value of our college. But we should remember that after the elections all differences must be cast aside and everyone must get behind the elected government and boost with might and main for S. J. C.



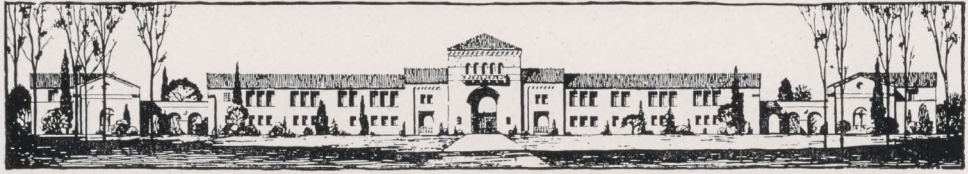


MOST calendars give the dates of full moons—the following are outstanding dates of the past Junior College year. Only those with poor memory need read them.

- Sept. 8, 1924—Registration. Old students dashing madly around greeting old friends; new students trying not to appear as green as they look.
- Sept. 10—First day of school. Readin', writin', and 'rithmetic actually begins.
- Sept. 16—First assembly; Ed Smith presiding. Many compliments passed back and forth between Ed and Mr. Lillard.
- Sept. 18—Assembly for Frosh. Fred Knott reelected president. Fred modestly tried to back out of it but he was unanimously elected, so prexy he was!
- Sept. 20—Practice football game with Preston. Kid party in the eve, where all the little freshies showed their remarkable talent by various stunts. Fred, Walt, and Marisson make their debut in gym bloomers, and Warren Ahart in bear skins.
- Oct. 14—First issue of Blotter out. Great excitement caused by announcement of Co-ed football team.
- Nov. 1—Football game at Preston. Several football heroes were delayed in Lodi on their way back. We heard the cause was feminine.
- Nov. 11—Football game at Grass Valley. Carload of J. C. co-eds go along and help their Alma Mater win her first game. That night they represented J. C. at an Armistice Day dance, twenty-three strong.
- Nov. 12—Philosophical Club organized. Initiation of Engineers held.
- Nov. 15—First J. C. dance this semester. Huge success (See Society.)
- Nov. 18—Soph assembly. Committee appointed to select uniforms for in-coming Frosh.
- Nov. 20—Annual Soph-Frosh Day with football game as main feature. Score, 0-0.
Dramatics class puts on three plays—"The Florist Shop," "Enter the Hero" and "The Bank Account."
- Nov. 21—Occasional squeals heard from laboratory where co-eds burn their fingers making candy for the football boys. Non-football men make resolutions to join the football squad next year.
- Nov. 22—Most of J. C. travels to Bay Region. The Big Game was the main attraction.
- Nov. 24—First day of Thanksgiving vacation. A lot of familiar faces seen around town.
- Nov. 27—Everybody slaughters "King Turk."
- Dec. 11—General assembly for electioneering. Many shaky candidates make shaky speeches, but we all clapped anyway.



- Dec. 15—Election. Bob Jensen, president.
- Dec. 19—Last day of school before Xmas vacation.
- Dec. 24—Three hundred and nineteen J. C. students hang up their stockings (and socks).
- Dec. 25—Santa Claus, and more turkey.
- Jan. 1, 1925—Thank goodness, one more leap year at end, and I am still single.
- Jan. 5—School again—all the girls sporting new bracelets and compacts, and the men new Indian blanket sweaters, and screaming ties.
- Jan. 7—Committee for uniforms for Frosh decide upon crimson and blue “dinks.”
- Jan. 8—Frosh assembly for election of officers. Kenneth Brasel succeeds Fred Knott as president.
- Jan. 13—Soph assembly for ditto. Chuck Gimblett our new prexy.
- Jan. 16—Horrible murder committed in Botany lab. Only a “Psych” experiment, though.
- Jan. 19 to 23—One week of misery. Swamped with finals.
- Jan. 26—S. J. C. invaded by mob of Freshies. Registration.
- Jan. 28—New staff of Blotter announced. Everyone patiently (?) waiting for first issue.
- Jan. 29—Installation of officers.
- Feb. 7—Fencing club banquet. Much spaghetti, bouts, and cabaret entertainment.
- Feb. 13—First track meeting. “Wally” Bransford elected Track Manager.
- Feb. 17—Several J. C. studs start ferry across Y Street on account of the flood. Radiators in the hall become popular with students who lost their equilibrium and took involuntary plunges in the rivers of rain.
- Feb. 20—Another Pioneer dance.
- March 4—Excused from classes to hear Coolidge’s inaugural address over the radio.
- March 7—Kid party. As usual everyone puts away seriousness with his everyday clothes, and childhood reigns supreme.
- March 11—J. C. men distinguish themselves eating pie at girls’ pie sale, all unaware of the reason for it. Why? Sh, that’s coming!
- March 13—Track meet.
- Air of mystery hangs over school as girls still refuse to divulge the reason for all the giggles and secrecy during the last few days.



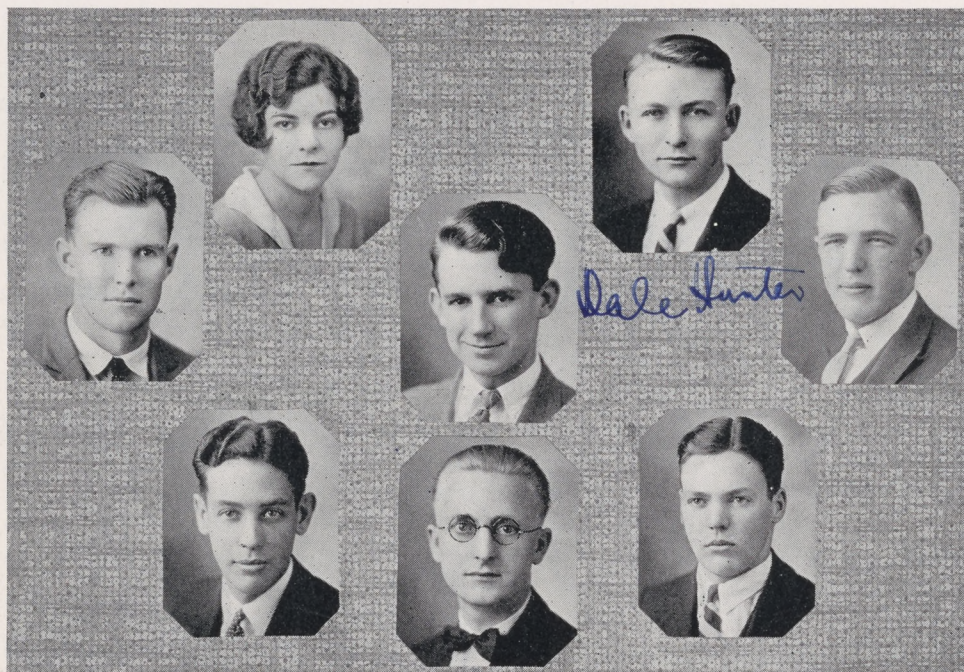
- March 21—Mystery cleared. The biggest event of the year takes place when girls hold prom and prove to the men that they can pull off something big without any male assistance.
- March 27—Co-ed edition of the Blotter out. Much consternation among the male sex, and many threats to “get even.” That still remains to be seen, however.
- April 20—Beginning today the J. C. men take up shoe-shining as an industrial art to make money for the Pioneer. From now until the end of the semester they will shine every Monday and Friday, and we’re hoping they’ll improve as time goes on!
- April 24-May 1—Jim Sherritt’s car mistaken for stage many times as he is seen plying back and forth with good looking J. C. students who are being photographed at Boussom’s.
- April 25—Tennis team meets first defeat at notorious little village of Reno.
- April 29—Camera Day. Many dolls, teddys, and monkeys in evidence. Appetizing odors of candy from Room 44. Girls have Pioneer candy sale.
- April 30 —Dramatics class has guest night, and puts on “Two and Two Make Four,” and “The Conflict.”
- May 2—Pioneer dance. Best yet.
- May 7—Assembly for school colors.
Soph meeting for election of officers. Ellis Groff elected president for Fall semester.
- May 8—Rally for wienie roast.
- May 9—Wienie roast, fortune-telling, and dance at Smith’s Mound.
- May 15—Closest election in J. C. History. Introducing our new President, George Uhl, and Vice-President, Dale Hunter; also Councilmen Elizabeth Brown, Margaret Henneuse, Steven Paxton and Josephine MacSwain.
- May 25—Pioneer out (maybe!)
- June 1-5—Finals.
- June 5—Graduation and last day of school.



ORGANIZATIONS



C. Homini



VERNA HANNAH
Sophomore Representative
HENRY ALLTUCKER
Sophomore Representative
PERCY WESTERBERG
Sophomore President

ED SMITH
President
THOR JENSEN
Vice-President

DALE HUNTER
Secretary
FRED KNOTT
Freshmen President
JOE KESLER
Frosh Representative

Council, Fall 1924

The first meeting of this council was held on May 17, 1924. Two other meetings were held before the Summer vacation, prior to the actual term of office, at which the most important managers were appointed, thus making it possible to start the Fall semester with much work done.

Two differences between this and the former council are worthy of note: This council was the first to operate under the present constitution; this at times may have added difficulties because no one was entirely familiar with their duties and powers. A faculty representative was appointed to the council. The ideas and suggestions of Mr. Cook were at all times helpful.

Looking over the minutes we see that meetings were quite frequent, a total of twenty being held. Several meetings were taken up almost wholly in discussing the filling of the offices of Editor and Manager of the "Pioneer." There was much difficulty encountered in trying to obtain a budget. Reports were postponed from meeting to meeting because of the failure of various managers to make requests. The need of some college yells being realized, an attempt was made to get some, by means of a contest, which proved to be a failure. A motion instructing the secretary to note in the minutes the names of those absent from the meetings, assured that a quorum would be present.

The members: Edward Smith, President; Thor Jensen, Vice President; Dale Hunter, Secretary; Verna Hannah, Percy Westerberg, Henry Alltucker, Joe Kesler, Fred Knott, and Ed I. Cook, faculty representative.

Dale Hunter, '26, Secretary



JACK SCHULZE
Sophomore Representative

VERNA HANNAH
Vice-President

BYRON PROUTY
Sophomore Representative

CHARLES GIMBLETT
Sophomore President

GEORGE UHL
Frosh Representative

STEVE PAXTON
Low Frosh President

ROBERT JENSEN
President

RUTH BENNETT
Secretary

KENNETH BRASEL
High Frosh President

Council, Spring 1925

The second semester council was put in office on the Progressive Ticket. Our platform has been conscientiously carried out and we have endeavored to keep our pledges.

One plank of our platform was to obtain noon dances for the students. This was accomplished after we assumed control. The dances were thoroughly enjoyed until the death of our beloved pianist, Genevieve Baker. The dances were later discontinued.

Minor matters, such as the selection of the college colors, payment of school debts, and appointment of committees have been taken care of by the council.

The officers of the council have in every way proved to be worthy of the honors bestowed upon them by their election. President Robert Jensen has been untiring in his efforts to promote real school spirit. He has been strongly and ably supported by his vice-president, Verna Hannah. Incidentally, it is to be hoped that a more enthusiastic school spirit will be prevalent throughout the student body next semester.

The sophomore class was well represented in the law making body by Robert Jensen, Verna Hannah, Jack Schulze, Byron Prouty, and Charles Gimblett. The high freshmen were equally well represented by Kenneth Brasel, George Uhl, and Ruth Bennett. The low freshmen had one, also its first, representative this year in the person of class president, Stephen Paxton. Our advisor and peace-maker, Mr. Cook, watched over and led us over many a stormy sea, for which we are very thankful.

Ruth Bennett, Secretary, '26.



THOR JENSEN
Student Manager Spring '25

ROY PORTMAN
Treasurer Fall '24

VESTA RAYNSFORD
Social Manager Fall '24, Spring '25

ALVIN BEACH
(No Picture)
Student Manager Fall '24

FRITZ JANSEN
Treasurer Spring '25

ED I. COOK
Faculty Representative

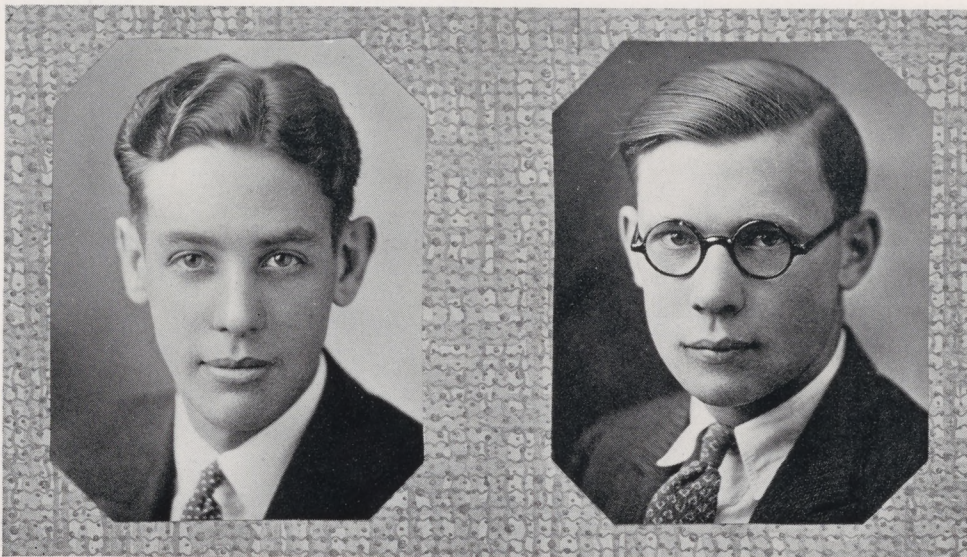
Non-Council Executives

By the ruling of our constitution many of the best brains of the college have the least to say, except indirectly, about our college government. With the opening of the Fall semester of 1924, Alvin Beach stepped into the student manager job with one of the hardest nuts to crack that ever faced an unpaid executive. It was necessary that he present to the student body a large sum of money for the coming onslaught of football. He, with the untiring aid and advice of treasurer Roy Portman, was able to raise a large part of the money needed and football went its way.

Thor Jensen, the Spring manager, also had his troubles, also financial. Great demands were made on him from basketball, baseball, tennis, and a little from the track. But owing to the fact that the baseball season was cut short he was able to leave the body with a neat little surplus for the Fall semester of 1925. Fritz Jansen, the treasurer, was unheard of until quite late in the season and not then until much scouting was done for a capable party.

At the beginning of the Fall semester another person took office who was to have a great deal to do with the college life. That person was Vesta Raynsford, the social manager, and she has proved herself capable many times.

No ship can sail without some sort of a keel or rudder. The stabilizer to our past councils has been in the form of Mr. Ed I. Cook, faculty representative to the council. Mr. Cook, although he was not permitted to vote, was able many times to right a rocky ship on a rolling sea with his ever sound counsel.



PERCY WESTERBERG
President Fall '24

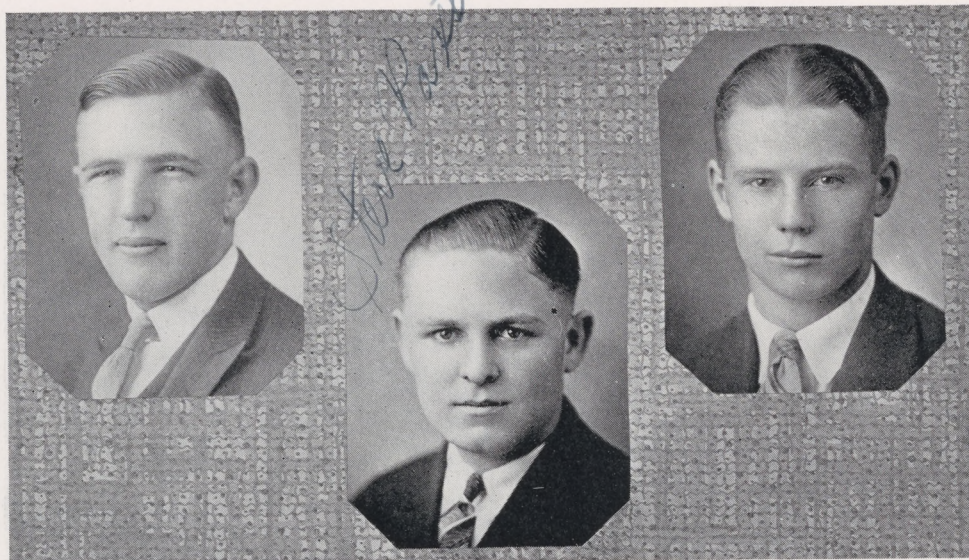
CHARLES GIMBLETT
President Spring '25

Sophomores

As the outgoing class of the institution, we Sophs have carried much of the school's burden upon our shoulders—it is always thus. We are the ones who do the receiving of the Freshmen; we are the ones who produce the president of the Student Body and the manager; we are the ones, finally, who have been here the longest (naturally). Our athletic prowess was amply demonstrated when the Frosh football team was beaten by our hand, morally at least.

Percy Westerberg guided our ship of state (time worn) but noble simile) up to and including the end of the first semester, from which time Charles (Chuck) Gimblett took over the office, and mighty helmsmen were they both. Genevieve Baker as vice president and Alice Whalen as secretary duly filled their positions during President Gimblett's term and Elizabeth Fletcher and Ed Fairbairn during that of President Westerberg's. With officers such as these what wonder that we have progressed in the world!

The world, indeed, shall hear of us; it shall feel the edifying effects of our presence. To speak commonly, we shall make a noise on the face of the earth—whether it be that portion known as the University of California or Stanford, or wherever it be, we will not pass unobserved. To have been Sophomores in this institution is something; but to have been such Sophomores as we have—now that is more than something!



FRED KNOTT
High Frosh President Fall '24

STEVE PAXTON
Low Frosh President Spring '25

KENNETH BRASEL
High Frosh President Spring '25

Freshmen

Being Freshmen has its draw-backs and also its disadvantages. Being ordained with red—or for that matter, any colored—dink caps cannot be exactly designated as beautifying, and ceratinly it doesn't make for inconspicuousness. But then, again—it isn't everyone who has receptions given to him, and the Frosh—those entering in September and those in January—were received by the Sophs with open arms—yea, they fell on our necks (both figures to be taken figuratively, of course). Verily, there is compensation in everything.

Unfortunately, the Freshmen entering in September had their football team defeated by the Sophs, morally at least, but discouragement was far from our feeling—we've another year yet. Among themselves we had a tug of war, the Highs and the Lows, with Coach Parker of the High School holding the hose. The football game must have hardened the losers, for the High Frosh won the tug of war.

The presidents of the three stages of Freshmanhood safely steered their charges through the many perils that beset the paths of Frosh. Fred Knott, as president of the class entering in the Fall, had to use his calming powers at some lively meetings, and Kenneth Brasel, officiating during the Spring semester, was relieved of any necessity for calming powers by the lack of any meetings. The class entering in January was presided over by Steve Paxton, and ably was it done.

In the person of Bill Boden the Uppers had a worthy secretary, and a vice president in Walter Sellon.



“Co-op”

For Sacramento Junior College the academic year 1922-23 was a year of “first-times.” Many a little acorn that has since attained the stalwart proportions of a mighty oak was planted in that year. Then it was that our college, taking advantage of the freedom afforded by its assignment to a separate building, kicked off its swaddling clothes, planted its ample feet squarely upon the ground and began to start things. Our student association secured at that time its bi-weekly newspaper, the first Pioneer made its appearance, and that great college institution, the Co-operative Store, was founded.

There is, perhaps, no more appropriate application of co-operative principle than the college co-operative. In a land professing the broadest of educational opportunities, it is only natural that an institution which would aid the student by eliminating the profit factor, and enabling him to secure his goods near cost, would flourish. The Sacramento Junior College Co-op, working upon this principle, and distributing its surplus to the members of the association in the form of dividends, has met with deserved success.

When the college moved to its present wing it was an apparent fact that the quarters of the store would have to be considerably increased. Accordingly a large room at the east end of the hall was assigned to the “Co-op” and fitted ceiling-high with the shelves upon which rest today the great assortment of books, stationery, and special supplies that every department in our college depends upon for the prompt fulfillment of its needs; and across the front was placed the glass counter, with the stray dime glued deceptively beneath the glass, and with its shelves filled with the array of sweetmeats that have kept our more dissipatingly inclined students in indigestion for the whole year.

Manager Cechettini has made great improvements in the service rendered to the students. By a careful survey of the needs of the approaching semesters he was able to have the necessary texts on the shelves ready for immediate sale—a saving of several days to many classes in beginning active work. Supplies were present in a greater diversity of array than ever before.

"Blotter" Staff



GEORGE UHL
Editor Fall '24

JAMES SHERRITT
Manager Fall '24

EVA ARBOGAST
Editor Spring '25

JOHN MOAK
Manager Spring '25



THE BLOTTER



"Blotter," Fall 1924

Starting with the first issue of October 14, the "Blotter" appeared regularly every two weeks for the remainder of the semester. Five issues were turned out by the Fall staff.

The first issue consisted mainly of school news and contained a copy of the Official Junior College Constitution. With the first issue came a plea for school and student opinion, the staff realizing that if the paper was to be of interest to the students it must be by and about the students. The response was such as to gladden the heart of any editor. Opinions came from all quarters. Before the editor realized what had happened a spirited discussion had arisen as to why the J. C. Boys did not take the J. C. Girls to the college dances. After much pro and con the matter was settled as most arguments are; neither side agreeing that the other was right.

The first paper was a five-column one with the type set with solid space between the lines. Before the second issue came to print it was realized that the paper was far too small for the amount of news that was available. The paper was therefore printed with small space between the lines. This provided for one-fourth more news than the previous paper did. Even this did not furnish enough space for all the copy that was turned in. Consequently on December 19 a six-column paper was printed. This completed the work of the Fall staff. The paper was a financial success due to the splendid work of the business manager and his assistants.

"Blotter," Spring 1925

In spite of the fact that The Blotter had difficulty in maintaining a working staff, especially in regard to the business manager's position, the staff managed to put out the paper very regularly. There was only one late issue during the Spring semester.

The Blotter's aim to present all of the school news up to the minute of going to press was successfully carried out. Election returns, reports on speeches, musicales, and meetings besides the social events were well reported through the editorial staff. One feature was a series of articles about the organizations of the Junior College—the clubs, the work of the art, drama, and music classes, and the library.

The success of the paper, from a financial viewpoint, was due to the efforts of John Moak, who managed to make the Blotter self-supporting, after several temporary business managers had found the job too strenuous. Henry MacArthur proved an able associate editor, especially in make-up work and headline writing, although he was occasionally pressed into service as a reporter. As the circulation manager, Virginia Voorheis was excellent. John Hafner and Viola Cox covered sports in a satisfactory manner.

The journalism classes also contributed stories recommended by Mr. A. J. Waterhouse, instructor of journalism, and counsellor for the Blotter, 1924.





A. A. E.

This year has proven to be one of the most successful ever experienced by the Student Chapter of the A. A. E. Under the capable guidance of Leigh Shoemaker and Adrian Wahlander and with the advice and friendly counsel of Mr. Truman D. Thorpe, our advisor, and the senior or big brother chapter of the A. A. E., our chapter has succeeded beyond all expectations.

Without a doubt the Engineers have been one of the most active groups in the college. The meetings have been held regularly during the year and there has always been a good attendance. Several speakers from the A. A. E. have addressed us during the term on various subjects pertaining to engineering.

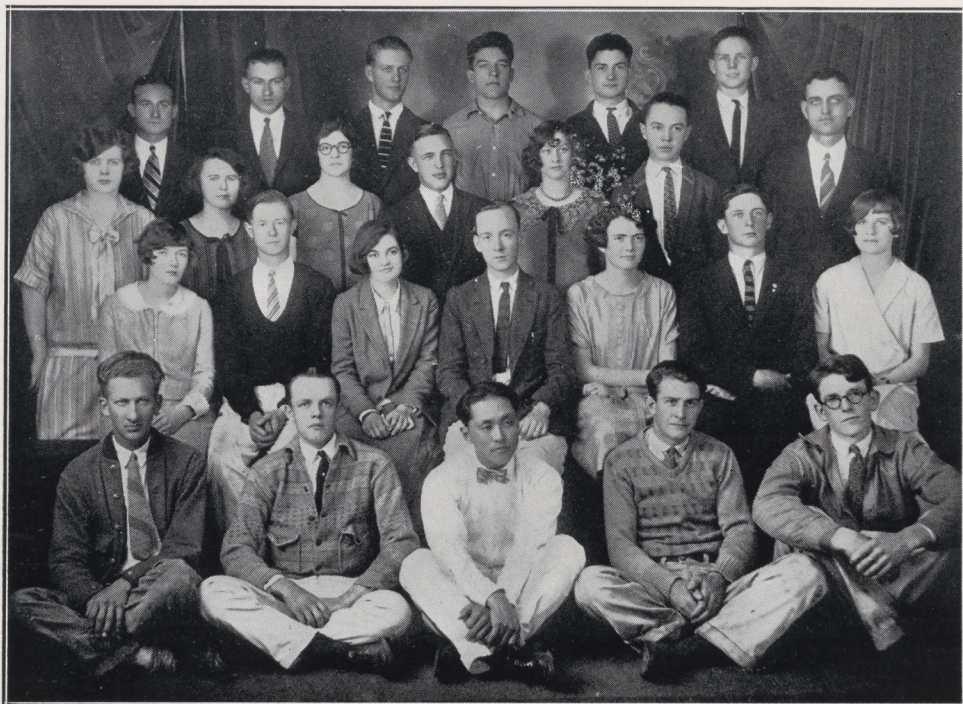
For the first meeting of the year an initiation was held at the Y. M. C. A. to usher into the society the new engineering students. All the fellows survived the trying ordeal and lived to become active members of the society. A large number of student and professional engineers were in attendance.

The latest gathering of the two organizations combined, took place May 16, 1925. This meeting was a climax to a long period of planning on the part of both students and seniors. A large group gathered at the Junior College and spent an interesting evening. The instructors of the college engineering department each gave little talks and Mr. Lillard and Past President Leigh Shoemaker welcomed the visiting engineers with a few words. The meeting was held for the purpose of promoting a closer relationship between the students and the senior branch of the A. A. E. It has proved successful.

Perhaps the most important matter which came before the society this year was the drawing up of our present constitution. This matter was placed in the hands of a committee and after many hours of laborious work an excellent constitution was presented to the society. Its adoption soon took place and the club began operations in a business like manner.

With the new constitution to follow as a guide, the coming officers may begin the year on a basis that no previous group of engineers has had the privilege of enjoying. There is no reason why the Student Chapter of the American Association of Engineers should not prosper and continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the most dominating organization in Sacramento Junior College.

William Boden, '26.



Philosophical Society

Nineteen hundred twenty-five saw the birth of the Philosophical Club and its growth from a handful of enthusiastic charter members to a considerable group interested in philosophical pursuits. The society has served as a forum for frequent debates during the year. Meetings have been held on Wednesdays.

Mr. McCormick, who first gave the impetus for organization, was the first advisor of the society. George Davis was the first president, and Phil Broughton was the second. At the close of the term an initiation was held for new members and a lively meeting it was.

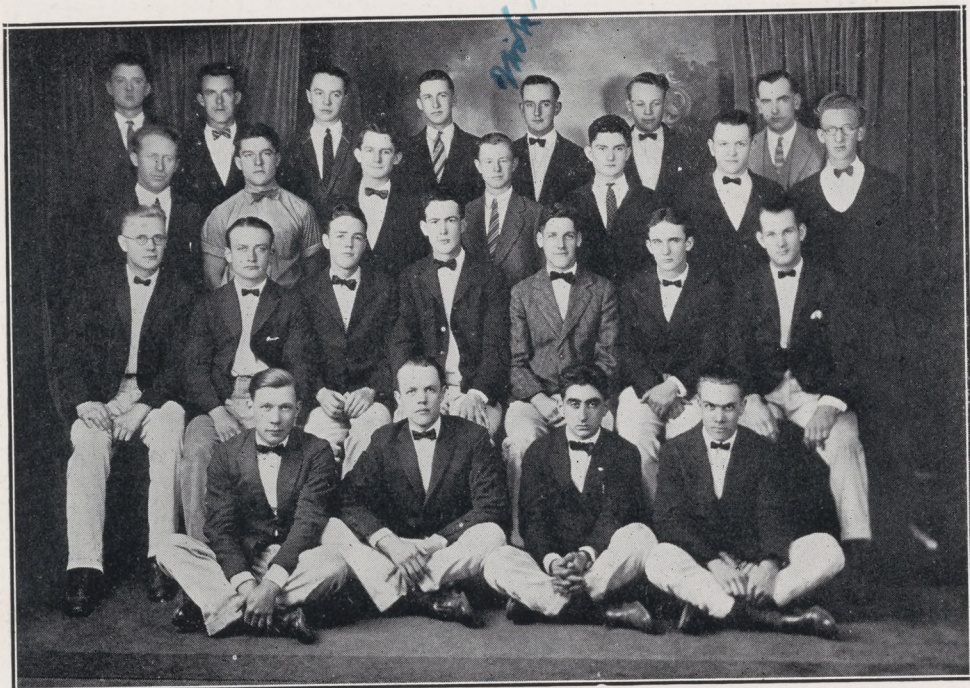
The club has been entertained by such programs as the following: An address by Mr. McCormick on the subject of "Illusions;" "A Demonstration of Reading Peoples' Lives" by Frank Tsuruda; a debate by Phil Broughton and George Scribner on the startling subject, "Resolved, that Civilization Has Been a Failure," and papers delivered by various members for the stimulation of discussion.

The crowning program of the year was a debate on the question, "Is Criminality Due to Mental Deficiency?" Aunitta Baird and George Uhl. The debate was open to the student body, and a full hall was the result. The debating activity of the college has centered during the year in the debates of the Philosophical Society.

The way of the new society has been rocky but it has been learning from its experiences, finding its purpose, and establishing its individuality.

Dorothy Brandenburger





Mens' Glee

The growth of this organization has been a rapid and steady one. The first semester saw the organization made up of thirty-five voices, while the second semester saw an increase to sixty voices. From the large group, a select group of twenty voices has been picked which has been representing the college among the various other organizations of the city. This group played a prominent part in the Charity Bazaar given by Trinity Pro-Cathedral Parish and their selections were well received. Their next public appearance was at the David Lubin School for the two college plays, "The Conflict" and "When Two and Two Make Four." The complete evening of an all-college entertainment was enjoyed by everybody.

The group played its part during "Music Week" by assisting in the program given at the Leland Stanford School on May 15. On May 19, the group was numbered on the program given at the Elks' Hall and won the continued applause of the audience. Before the semester closes they will doubtless have appeared before several luncheon clubs, and probably before the University Women's Club.

The organization has always been under student control. Jack Pendergast was elected president and Leigh Shoemaker vice-president in an early election. However, illness and pressing outside business necessitated that President Pendergast resign, and our vice-president, Leigh Shoemaker, assumed the responsibility. Radford Amaden acted as pianist.

Although a number of the personnel will graduate, a sturdy foundation will remain for an excellent start for the next year's club. Although those leaving do so with regret, they can be consoled by the thought that they were "Pioneers."

Percy Westerberg, '25.



Womens' Glee

To promote a greater interest in music circles at the Junior College, the Girls' Chorus class were organized into the Girls' Glee Club. Under the guidance of Mr. H. Frazee this club has been aided greatly in accomplishing its purpose. The club has surpassed all former music organizations in membership at the Junior College.

The officers who have led the Glee Club through its successful year are as follows:

President.....	Mary Webster
Vice President.....	Helen Brennan
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Thelma Fisher
Pianist.....	Alice Whalen

At the beginning of the semester a social was given at the country home of Aileen Van Voorhies, the members of the club being the guests. A sing-song was entered into and an enjoyable time was spent by all present. Just before leaving for their respective homes, a buffet supper was served by the hostess.

Several entertainment programs have been given, among the most prominent were a program for Mr. Zallio's Citizenship Class at Harkness school, and another for the Parent Teachers' Association at Fremont school. These programs were all quite successful. The girls together with the Boys' Glee Club are planning to give several selections at the

Caroline Elliott, '25.





Orchestra

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung or played by any child of song,
Praise it, do not let the singer
Wait deserved praise too long.
Why should those who thrill your heart
Lack the joy you can impart.

Last year we wished and wished for a music department and our wishes, with the coming of the Fall semester of 1924, have come true. The college has been very fortunate in having Mr. Frazee at the head of the music department. He is a man not only thoroughly grounded in fundamentals of all musical lines—but with a wealth of first hand information pertaining to the musical world itself. Mr. Frazee, commonly known as “Prof” of the music department, has, after much untiring effort, succeeded in directing the gaze of the would-be music masters upon his ever steady baton. As a result he has given to the Sacramento Junior College an excellent orchestra in the short time of one year. Next year shows promise of being much better in both number and skill of musicians.

Our orchestra has played for outside occasions several times, although this first year has been more generally spent in organization. They have been well received at all times. Among the more important appearances were the University Women’s Association and at the dramatic presentations of the college.

The orchestra consists of a widely varied personnel, much to its advantage. The semester ended with the following musicians answering roll call:

First Violins: Carolyn Bunker, Irene Utely, Ellis Groff, Ellen Fogus, and Katherine Smith.

Second Violins: Naomi Lothrop, Mildred O’Brien, Rex Bowman, Mildred Currier, Margaret Lewis, Mrs. Leeper, and Charles Uomini.

Cello: Helen Myra Maughmer.

Bass Viol: Eva Bailey.

Piano: Alice Whalen.

Wind Section: Flute, Marshall Hopkins; 1st Clarinet, Bert Chappell; 2nd Clarinet, Wright Callender; 1st Trumpet, George Uhl; 2nd Trumpet, Raymond Leonard; Trombone, Julius Fresiecke; Saxaphones: William Durbow, Jr., Leigh Shoemaker, James Christian.

Percussion: Tympani, Byron Prouty and Henry C. MacArthur; Traps, George Davis.

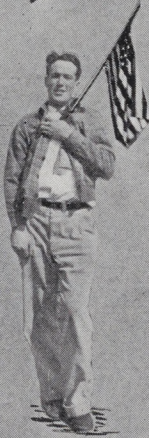
Alice Whalen, '25.

s We See 'em

1-2-3-4



Foaled.



Tenshun



The Prom.



Oh, so Lo-o-ong



Stick-em-up
Cow boy!



Gilda and—



Guess Again.



Bluebeard—





Dramatics

But a few years ago, the greater majority of the people would have been horrified, had an institution such as this, even suggested the production of a play. Yet, in the college of today, the dramatic organizations are among the most important. Without one or more of these, the college lacks one of its dominating features.

Because of its limited size, our organization has been decidedly handicapped. It has not been able to reach forth into the fields of scenic and electrical experimentation, as have those of larger institutions. Yet, we feel that in the near future, we may be able to enter these fields, and to progress as rapidly as have other colleges.

So, since just one field was left open, that of the actual acting, all who were interested in that phase of drama, entered a dramatic class. Under the direction of Miss Murphy, plays of several kinds were studied and produced. These ranged from the more serious plays to the light comedies and charming fantasies. The greater part of them were never put on for public production, but once each semester an evening was given over to the presentation of plays.

On November 20, at the David Lubin School, a group of three plays, "Enter the Hero," "The Bank Account" and "The Florist Shop," was presented. The first is a little comedy with a touch of satire by Thelma Helburn. The leading characters, Anne Carey and Harold Lawson, were hilariously comical when they were portrayed by Bernice Decker and



Jack Schulze. These two were ably supported by Eva Bailey, as Ruth, the younger sister, and Hazel Blair, the sympathetic mother.

"The Bank Account" is a play of a distinctly different type. It is a domestic tragedy, by Harold Brock. Here the characters of Lottie and Frank Benson were made humanly pathetic by the interpretations of Dorothy Gray and Marshall Hopkins. Lottie's friend, May Harding, was admirably characterized by Faye French.

The last of these plays was "The Florist Shop," a delightful little comedy by Winifred Hawkrige, in which Maude, played by Helen Myra Maughmer, brings to a conclusion the engagement of fifteen years standing between Miss Wells, a wistful old maid, and Mr. Jackson. The two latter parts were taken by Thelma Reid and Leigh Shoemaker. These, the office boy, Henry (Fred Zannon), and the old Jewish proprietor, Slovisky (Marrison Mull), succeeded in making the play thoroughly amusing.

That the evening was a success, from the standpoint of both pleasure and finance, was generally conceded. But when the Schoolmaster's Club requested that the "Florist Shop" be repeated at their annual banquet, the dramatic class, as a whole, felt that their work under Miss Murphy had been highly satisfactory.

Then, again, on April 30, another group of plays was presented to the public. But this time, the affair was wholly invitational. Two plays were given: "The Conflict," and "When Two and Two Make Four," by Miss Murphy.

In "The Conflict," the tragic element is prevalent. Mildred O'Brien's interpretation of Emilie, the misunderstood daughter, was indeed human, and Hazel Blair was exceptionally good as the cold, unsympathetic mother. Fred Zannon and May O'Donnell completed the cast, playing the parts of the younger brother and sister.

"When Two and Two Make Four" is a play whose humor is fundamentally based on character, though the situations are decidedly humorous in themselves. Chester Stone, as the highly inquisitive minister, who insists in putting two and two together and getting four, instead of subtracting and getting nothing, was comedy personified. The girl, who impishly leads him on in his deductions, and her brother were delightfully characterized by Faye French and Jack Schulze, while Fred Zannon was very amusing as the young father, who quite unconsciously takes part in the drama. The cast was completed by the tiny daughter, Lou Haggerman, who not being a Junior College student was temporarily borrowed.

So with this production, our "theater season" closed. But we hope, and we hope that our audiences hope, that the season will be reopened early in the coming Fall.

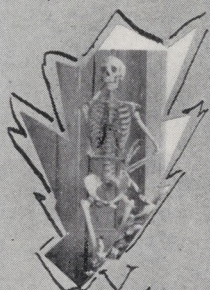
Helen Myra Maughmer, '26.



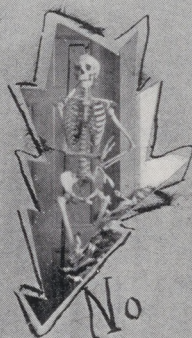
Behold



Here We Are



Yes



No



Happy?



Bon Voyage

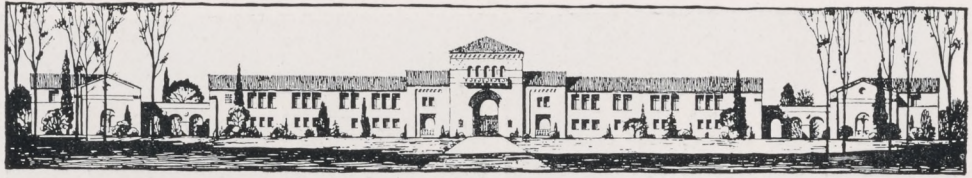


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SOCIETY



E.M. Arbogast



Pages Found in the Diary of a Sacramento Junior College Student
September 20th, 1924—Freshman Reception

My first Junior College dance, and what a thrill. I was almost afraid to go because I was a Freshman. Besides, I felt so unnecessary in my kid clothes. However, after I arrived and saw how the others looked, Sophomores included, I felt much better.

I liked the way they all entered into the spirit of the party—I never thought that after one was in college one could have so much fun.

I know one thing I won't forget soon—that is, the Freshman dance, and the way they roped us in and made us walk across the stage and give our names and home town!!! (It did make one feel rather odd). The faculty were lovely—receiving us when we came down from the stage.

I remembered the two who won the prize for the best dressed couple, they were called Elizabeth and Percy. I hope I get acquainted with them.

P. S.—I met an awful nice boy; his name was Charlie G. He wore a little kid's suit and half socks. I wonder—!!!

October 25th, 1924, Hallowe'en Dance.

Masquerades are thrilling. Everyone looks so different. Last nite, somehow it seemed that all the demure misses came as flashing, laughing gypsies; and the flappers came as subdued veiled Turkish maids. I wonder—why? They looked adorable anyway. There seemed to be such a crowd of gypsies, clowns, pierrots, perettes, harlequins, Spanish senoritas, —yes and there was even a cave man.

Hope I can remember the clever way they decorated—maybe they will let me help decorate next time. One thing is certain, there will be a next big time—because everyone had such a glorious time.

P. S.—Must remember to ask Ruth and Mildred where they got their cute costumes.

“By” and Roy did make good cowboys—I guess they have practiced before.

November 15, 1924—Junior College Dance

I had a wonderful time at the dance last nite—simply slick. There was a good crowd and the music was unusually danceable.

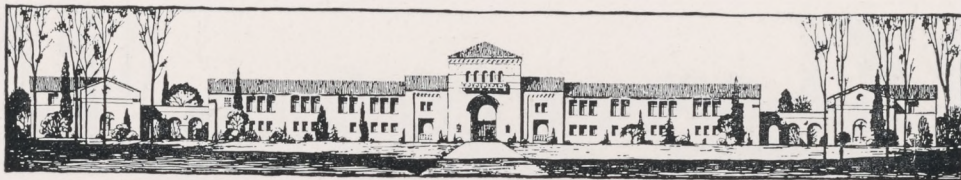
The High School Auditorium is a good place to give a dance. At least it was the place for this one.

The out of town students certainly are getting the real college spirit, and are turning out well to the dances.

The girls all looked lovely; there were so many new dresses and hats.

December 18, 1924—Soph-Frosh Dance

I don't think I shall ever forget last night; the dance was simply delightful. It was the decorating that was so unusual. So much fun—to



dance through that colored light—only blue and red colors. I heard that Henry S. managed the lighting effect—he certainly did well.

The stage was cleverly arranged, it looked so very cool—just a garden scene, a fountain and greens. The more dances like this one the better.

January 18, 1925—Junior College Dance.

I enjoyed the crowd last night, and I enjoyed the “pep”. That seems to be the only way to express it—for every one acted so alive.

If pay dances all go over as that one must have—they will certainly be worth while.

The stage decorations and the colored lights were very attractive.

Oh, but I am tired. Hi could not get the car—so we all walked home. Wonder if I will ever have any “pep” again?

February 28, 1925—Freshman Reception

I have decided that I adore Kid parties. Everyone looked—so odd to-night. However, second childhood was very becoming to most of them.

I noticed that all the all-day suckers and animal cookies were gone—well, they did taste good.

I wonder where Walter found that jump rope? Certainly was a kick—jumping rope (only trouble was we all wanted to jump at once).

Drop the handkerchief, three deep, etc., were added attractions. I hope they have a kid party again soon.

P. S.—Oh, the music was wonderful. Wonder what happened to Helen’s doll?

March 30, 1925—Pioneer Dance

Our first Pioneer Dance this year, and I had the best time ever. I just rave over those immense yellow and orange Chinese lanterns over the fixtures. (They said it was Bill B. who did the steeple-jack job of putting the lantern up. Guess he is talented—or something unusual). The white fence across the stage and the flowers and garden scenery made a beautiful stage setting.

The balloons caused some fun and excitement. (That is, until the boys broke them all).

P. S.—Heard Steve Paxton blew-up all the balloons—a real job I should say.

April 16, 1925—Girls’ Prom.

Absolutely this was the best dance of the year, and I enjoyed it most. Just think, a dance without any men. No wonder it was good!!!! (Even the orchestra was made up of girls.)

I think the half, that dressed and played the part of boys had the most fun (of course, the dance was very informal).



Then the stunts—well, the Irish jig, I've a New Kind of Man, The Sun, etc., certainly will not be forgotten for a long, long time.

Taken all in all, it was a very successful affair and a most enjoyable one. No doubt that Girls' Proms will now be in vogue.

P. S.—Certainly was a shock to see Bee; at first glance anyone would have sworn it was Joe. Some girls make the best looking boys I have ever seen—they do.

April 18, 1925, Sacramento Junior College Dance

Another real dance—Oh, yes, it had to rain for the dance, but that did not seem to stop anyone.

Quite a few of the "old gang" from college were up, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much.

May 2, 1925—Pioneer Dance

Oh, but this was a "keen" Pioneer dance. Perfect decorations again. The stage was really artistic and very striking. (Three for Katherine and her committee).

Sorta nice—that "Moonlight and Roses" dance, when we all were given a real rose.

They were extravagant, gave favors and everything. I liked the balloons the girls were given, but those darling caps the boys' had, get the prize.

Everyone seemed to agree that "it was some dance."

P. S.—They sold pop-corn balls, which tasted very good. By the way, I think Verna and her committee ought to be able to give anyone information on the "Art of Making Popcorn Balls."

May 8, 1925—Pioneer Picnic (Smith's Mound).

Some novel affair—this picnic-dance. Everyone turned out, faculty and all, and had a gorgeous informal time. The dance platform at Smith's Mound was decorated with colored crepe paper and Chinese lanterns, and the music was unusually good.

There was everything imaginable to eat—hot dogs, ice cream, coffee, etc. (Some fellows make dandy salesmen, judging from the amount they managed to sell Saturday night).

Then the fortune-teller—she certainly added the final touch. Wonder if everyone had as interesting a fortune as I did?

P. S.—I like dances at Smith's Mound—it is so different, somehow.







Roast Pig for Thanksgiving

"I wonder where in thunder that pig can have got to!" Pa Nashmeyer took off his straw hat, mopped his wet forehead, and eagerly eyed ma's fresh baked apple pies. "I've tramped all over the whole place and half the country, and he ain't nowhere. Leastwise I can't find him." Pa edged nearer the pie-laden table, and added significantly, "It's powerful hot if this is October, and I've walked a lot. I don't believe even that pig roasted would taste as good as a hunk of that pie."

Ma laughed and cut him a generous slice. Then she became serious and returned to the subject of the lost pig. "You sure you looked everywhere?" she questioned. "Did you ask Dad Brown and down at the store? Don't seem like a runt like him could go so far, but maybe—"

"Dad was sore 'cause he thought I was accusin' him of stealin' the pig, and the boys at Perkins' laughed at the idea of that runt strayin' clear down there."

"Well, it's too bad. I did want him for Thanksgiving. We can't afford to kill one of the others, 'specially with those apples and spuds not sellin'."

"Oh!" Pa stopped with a big bite of pie half way to his mouth and stared at Ma in dismay. "Why, I got a letter from Emma this morning, and she's coming here for Thanksgiving. She says she's anticipating roast pig!"

"Pa, really? Well, I'll love to have her, but she'll have to be content with roast beef. We can't even buy turkey if we don't sell those potatoes, not with the mortgage due in January."

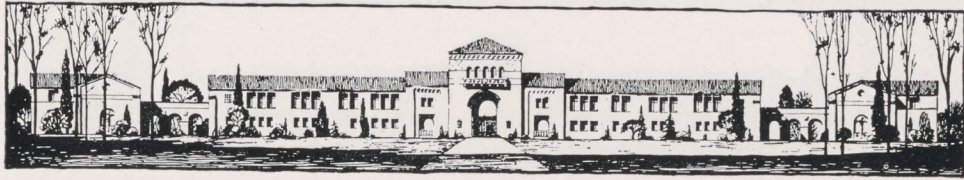
"Couldn't we have chicken? I'd like to please Emma. We've written her so much about the place."

"I know, but I've contracted to sell all the young ones, and I can't spare the others. Their eggs bring about enough to pay the children's bus fee."

"Well, we'll make out. Only why did we write Emma what a fine roast one of our pigs would make?"

When Pa had gone back to work, Ma set down to think it over. She wouldn't have minded not having a fine, big Thanksgiving dinner if only Emma wasn't coming. But Emma was Pa's only sister, and she had never particularly liked Ma. Besides she had never gotten over Pa's turning down the offer she had made him of good work in her lumber mill. She didn't understand Pa's love for growing things nor how it hurt him to destroy them. Emma had always prophesied that the farm Pa bought with his share of their father's legacy would never amount to anything. And Ma and Pa had been quite proud of their moderate success. It was one of their joys to be able to write to Emma the year before, "The farm's sure making good. You ought to see the apples and spuds we're raising, and you ought to eat one of our pigs roasted."

Now Emma had chosen the worst possible time. The mortgage was



due in January. It would take all they could scrape together to meet it, for, although they had had an excellent crop of both apples and potatoes, there had been no market for either. They had been forced to store them in the root cellar to wait for an increase in price and demand. The hogs, in which they had such pride, had not done well this fall. The litters were small, and the feed expensive. Pa was accustomed to butcher the smallest pig at Thanksgiving time, but this year the runt had quietly lost himself and the rest were too valuable to sacrifice. Ma sighed. She did so want to please Emma. At least, she reflected, as she finished her pie making, there would be plenty of apples for pies and no end of potatoes.

As the next month passed, Ma tried hard not to think about the loss of the Thanksgiving pig and Aunt Emma's coming visit. She even developed a dislike for the root cellar which seemed to her to symbolize all their troubles. Pa shared the feeling and both avoided discussing it or even going near it. The only time it was even mentioned during that month was one evening when Pa looked up from the market page of the "Greeley Times" and remarked, "Why, if those apples and spuds were pigs, how rich we'd be!"

But instead their price steadily decreased until more than once Pa threatened to dump the whole lot to the hogs. However, Ma determinedly held out that a little later she was sure they would be worth more, and Pa was prevailed on "to wait and see."

On the twenty-third of November, three days before Thanksgiving, there came a cold spell more intense than any they had had for years and the first for that season. Emma was to come on the twenty-fifth, and Ma and Pa had given up hope of averting her visit or doing anything to prevent her from saying a well earned, "I told you so." Tuesday afternoon the children came home from school nearly frozen but still babbling about the good things their schoolmates were going to have for Thanksgiving dinner.

Jack reported, "Bobbie Black's goin' to have turkey and mince pie and cranberry sauce and—"

"That's nothin'," scoffed his sister. "Jane's goin' to have a roast pig with sweet potatoes in his mouth!"

Their mother was relieved when their father interrupted such talk by rushing into the kitchen. But her relief changed to alarm when she saw his face.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" she demanded.

"Something's wrong with the root cellar," he gasped. "Look at that steam comin' out of the air vent. And it's all of ten below."

He seized a flashlight and a hammer and Ma stopped only to throw on a heavy coat and cap before she followed him to the cellar. The door had to be hammered and pried since the snow and rain had swelled it, but finally Pa held it open. Mingled with the stench of old potatoes and the fragrance of the apples was another more repellant odor. Ma flashed

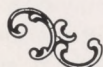


the light into the low room. The pile of potatoes were very much reduced and several boxes which had contained apples were scattered about empty. The floor was strewn with apple cores and half-eaten potatoes. Then Ma recognized the strange odor and she flashed the light around in search of another object. She found it; sleeping peacefully on a pile of chewed potatoes was the lost pig, very much grown but still the runt of the litter.

"Our Thanksgiving dinner," Pa exclaimed. "That ought to please Emma."

"I always thought," Ma declared firmly, "that some day those apples and spuds would be worth a lot!"

Lucy Harrison, '26.



Propaganda and the Curriculum

Resting upon one pan of the scales of education we have truth, but resting upon the other, and bidding fair to overwhelm the first, we find the ever-increasing load of prejudice. Unfortunately it is the belief of a great number of our patriotic citizens that the object of education is not the stimulation of independent mental process, but the promulgation of the superior Kultur of our American Fatherland, the Biblical theory of creation, or patent mouse-trap sentiment. The fact that most of these people are undoubtedly sincere has nothing to do with the case, for ignorance and prejudice may accompany sincerity as well as insincerity. The fault lies in the point that they are seeking to introduce ready-made conclusions to students, who, if education means anything at all, should be merely gathering facts as premises upon which to base their own conclusions.

Woe be to recorder of events who crosses the path of one of these self-appointed guardians of the tradition. If his crime has been to state that the abolition of slavery was a controversial point they jump upon him as a detractor of the merits of the Civil War. If it was to say that the War of 1812 was a disastrous one for American arms, he is a traitor, even though the War Department bulletins are his authority. If that the sinking of the Maine was not a work of the Spaniards, and that the commercial sugar interests had more to do with the Spanish War than the down-trodden Cubans, he is "un-American" and probably influenced by the reprehensible non-nordic influences of Spain. Or if the unfortunate researcher is a paleontologist and discovers a skull of an animal



which he believes inhabited the earth twenty thousand years ago, he is "irreverent" for saying what he believes to be true.

After all in either case what is the rub? We know that Christianity is a very debatable point in the world at large. We have John Adams as authority for the fact that not over a third of the people in the colonies actively supported the Revolution, and we know that many opposed it. Surely no sane historian would hold that the constitution was the unanimous and inspirational product of a nation. But what of it? Certainly we will not reject all these things on that account, for what worthy cause of any importance was ever conceived in unanimity? It does not disgrace a movement to say that it had its dissenters. As for that meddling paleontologist, he should indeed be condemned if he did not announce his discoveries and seek to make use of them. If his students, or any other part of mankind, wish to accept the interpretation that the world was created as-is five thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine years ago, and that these bones were purposely laid out by the Creator to get man off the track, no one will object as long as they do not try to force others to their views.

Then in addition to these negative uplifters who wish to go back to something, we are cursed with another positive breed, that wishes to go forward to something. These, latter, have had some sort of an inner light, or, in a less malignant form, have merely arrived at a conclusion which contains the universal panacea. These exponents of the artificial uplift hope to introduce their revelation of the noumena of things into our educational institutions. It may be the evils of fox trots or Havana cigars, or it may be the merits of cross-word puzzles or chiropractic—on to the curriculum it should go to enlighten and uplift the homo boobiens!

Just what is the viewpoint of these supporters of the propaganda object, and what is the logic of their position? It has seldom been logically examined by those who have the decisions to make. Governors and school directors of less enlightenment than those of our own fair city, consult everyone, from the Chamber of Commerce to the Order of Owls, to gain their "facts" about education—except educators; professors and school teachers are the last people on earth to know anything about schools. They are usually maniacs for facts, without any regard for the horrible results that may ensue—something very dangerous from the propagandists' viewpoint. Boiled down, their viewpoint would seem to be that they feel so insecure in the logic of their position that they are afraid to have the facts examined. They should remember that facts are hard to keep suppressed and that the safest way to avoid rejection with the first disillusionment is to examine the adverse as well as the favorable facts.

The thing that makes these meddlers dangerous is their desire, often accompanied by real power, to experiment on education. No fair-minded person would deny that there is room for sensible changes in the curri-



culum, both by addition and subtraction. But the people to make such changes are the educators, the professors and teachers who have given years of study to educational problems, and not automobile salesmen, editors, or politicians.

The course of study in high and elementary schools has been expanded very considerably by a process of occasional additions, none dangerous in themselves, some very desirable, but few or none considered in the light of their relation and co-ordination to the rest of the curriculum. College educators on the other hand, or perhaps I should say trustees and regents, have been too prone to smile upon the aspirations of the Babbitry that wishes to enter the trades, and goes to college merely because "it is being done" and they can afford it financially. Thus, we have seen the advent of horse shoeing and cross-word puzzle solution at various places, and of other sorts of "snaps" in the shape of very un-collegiate courses, everywhere. The recurrence of "weeks" and drives has been an influence very dissipating to concentration on fundamentals, and the "practical" business men who inject such movements into school activity are largely to blame for the perfunctory attitude toward the "R's", which they bewail.

Reaction to this expansion naturally took the other extreme, giving us the present endless blather about the "three R's", little red school-houses, and, likewise, little red schoolmarms, though that is seldom added. To steer the course of the educational barque through the Golden Gate of Reason requires only that one keep his eye upon the guiding star of object. If the object of education is to make people machines, servants of corporate masters, mere automatons that can read orders, figure profit and loss, and write reports, then by all means return to the "three R's" alone and unadorned by any study of the society around us. But if the objective of education is to teach men to think, to develop the ideas of their own minds, to weigh and measure facts in a logical way, discounting those that are fallacious, then make a sound expansion of the curriculum. Include economics, sociology and political science that the student may learn the art of living in modern society; include history that he may benefit from the mistakes of the past; include music, literature and philosophy that he may, in the words of Dr. Jordan, "learn to be good company for himself"; logic, mathematics and science that he may learn to think concisely, public speaking and rhetoric that he may forcibly convey those thoughts to others without a loss of meaning.

I sum up with two statements which cover the subject, and which some of the objectors and faddists would do well to ponder over, though they should be platitudes, in that they are apparently self-evident: A worthy cause need never fear the truth; and, no man has ever had a too diverse education but merely a poorly directed one.

Phil Broughton, '25.



The Amateur Fireman

A loud knock on the door awakened Fireman Percival Smith. "Who's there?" he called, his usually good natured and slightly chubby face contorted by an enormous yawn.

"The engine watchman. Get out. It's six o'clock."

With several more yawns Percival climbed out of bed and slowly dressed. He was very sleepy, as he had arrived at his little town in the Sierras at two o'clock this same morning, where he had been assigned to a fire train.

After begging a cup of coffee from the Chinese cook he stepped out on the porch of the hotel (two dollars a day, special rate to railroad men) and gazed with interest at this place where he was to work for fifteen days. The town consisted of a red, barn-like hotel, a small store and a few barns. It was perched on the side of a large valley between the mountains. Below it was a small river; slightly above it the snow-shed covered railroad wound, snake-like, around the contour of the hills.

Taking the trail pointed out to him the night before, Percival climbed up to the fire-train which lay on a spur-track perched on the side of the hill. Here he was greeted with a muttered "good morning" by the engine watchman before the fellow left for the hotel.

Percival curiously looked at the little engine with a very tall smoke stack and a water pump on the top of the boiler and the two big wooden water cars or "jumbos" as they were called. These made up the fire train, concerning which he had heard many and marvelous tales of high speed and great fights against fires. Day and night for six months of the year, four of these trains were kept up and down the line, always ready to defend the snow sheds against fire. Close to the train Percival saw a small red shack which, on investigation, proved to contain cushioned benches, a stove and table, where the train crew undoubtedly passed the evening, yawning and playing cards.

At noon, the engineer, a fat, red-faced man with a very bad temper, caused no doubt by the poor whiskey with which he had passed the previous evening, climbed up the trail to relieve him.

"Huh," he said, "you the new fireman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did they send you up here for? We want a fireman on this job."

"I am a fireman," retorted Percival.

"Yes you are—not," said the engineer sarcastically and retired to the shack, leaving Percival to wander slowly down the trail, thinking of things to say and do to these railroad men who considered a green fireman a fitting object for abuse and ridicule.

At supper the engineer greeted him with a grunt and the rest of the crew seemed to overlook him as being so unimportant as to escape their



notice entirely. After a hurried meal Percival wandered around the hotel, lonesome and homesick and thinking, with a slight lump in his throat, of his parents and friends at home. Finally he started up the trail to the fire train shack, preferring the unsympathetic companionship of the train men to the loneliness.

On his entrance he found the shack filled with dense clouds of tobacco smoke and railroad men.

"Well, here's our amateur fireman," said the fat conductor. "How long have you been railroadin', kid?"

"Six months," replied Percival.

"And I suppose you know all about it now?" asked the brakeman in a deceptively friendly tone. He was a tall, lanky native of Missouri with a characteristic twang to his speech.

"Yes, sir," replied Percival.

The whole group joined in a howl of laughter at this reply.

"Yes, sir," mimicked the fireman of a work train which tied up there nights. "Bud, you don't know nothin' about railroadin'. Just because you can keep 'em hot most of the time and work an injector, you think you know it all."

"I'm as good a fireman as any of them," replied Percival, getting angry.

"You think so," said the engineer from the work train, "but just to show you the difference between a green fireman and a good one, I'll tell you what happened to me. I got a bad attack of acute indigestion down the line last year and I had a green fireman. I told him to run the engine into the terminal, but, no sir. He couldn't and he wouldn't. I traded him for a real fireman off of another freight. He brought the train in for me and fired her, too. Could you do that?"

"Yes, sir," said Percival.

"Yes, you couldn't," replied the engineer.

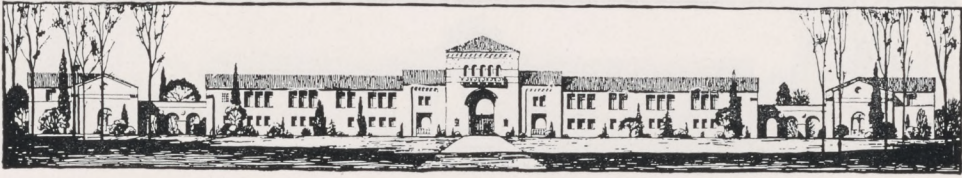
Percival thought it best to say no more, as all the men were against him. He was glad when everyone's attention was turned from him by the conductor, who asked where the engineer was.

"Oh, him?" said the brakeman. "He's down to Joe's, lit up like a church. That fellow don't care what he does or where he does it. He's going to be drunk some night when they turn in an alarm and then where'll he be?"

"Yeah," said the work train fireman, "they'll get him some day. He's been lucky so far, but he can't break rule "G" every day and get away with it."

Soon after that the talk slowed down and the men drifted away down to the hotel.

Ten days passed slowly, during which the engine never turned a wheel and Percival became more and more lonesome and homesick. But one night he was startled from his sleep by the shrill whistle of the fire engine. Jumping into his clothes, he dashed up the hill. The scene



before him was one of intense activity. The brakeman's lantern bobbed and swung as he released the hand brakes on the cars. A dense cloud of smoke rose from the smoke stack of the engine and was tinted a deep red by the fire which roared and jumped from the fire-box under forced draft. The conductor was running, as fast as his two hundred odd pounds would allow him, to the office for orders and, seeing Percival, he shouted, "Where's the engineer?"

"Don't know," replied Percival.

"Go down and get him out. He's still in bed."

Percival dashed back down to the hotel and, rushing into the engineer's room, tried to waken him, but he had just been put to bed by two of his friends and could not be awakened from his drunken slumber.

When Percival ran back with this information, the conductor shouted, "The drunken stiff! Two thousand feet of sheds on fire at Soda Springs! We've got to get there or we'll all be canned! Get up there and take her out."

Percival's heart thumped painfully and he was conscious of a "gone" sensation in his stomach. Here was his chance to prove his ability and he grasped it before it was lost. He quickly climbed into the cab, the brakeman took the fireman's seat, the conductor lined the switch and signaled him to start.

Percival jerked the throttle open, the drivers spun and showered sparks and Percival slammed the throttle shut again. He heard the brakeman muttering to himself about green fireman and, yelling to him to shut up and watch his fire, Percival cautiously re-opened his throttle, at the same time liberally sanding the rails.

The train started with a jerk and sharp barks of the exhaust which shot dense clouds of smoke and steam up from the stack. Quickly the train picked up speed and the exhausts blended into a continuous roar. The uprights of the snow sheds slipped by faster and faster and soon formed a smooth black wall on which the flames from the fire-box cast a ruddy glow. Percival sat on the edge of his seat-box, one hand on the throttle and his head far out the window. From much observation and some experience he knew what should be done. Forcing the train ahead on the tangents and checking it slightly on the sharper curves with the air brake, he ran it in true fire-train fashion—"Wide open and everybody hanging on."

Two green lights for Spruce Station appeared around a curve and were quickly passed. Then Spruce Station appeared, and was gone, a brief glow of lights. It seemed but a few minutes later when the yellow glow of the fire appeared and caused Percival to slow down and finally to stop. The burning snow-sheds made a wonderful sight, the flames leaping high in the air and revealing the surrounding mountains.

Impatiently waiting section hands soon had the hose out, Percival turned on the powerful pump, and two big columns of water were overwhelming the fire.



The sun was rising over the mountains when the fire was finally put out, leaving a black, steaming pile of beams, through which appeared the rails coiled and bent into fantastic shapes by the fire. The hose was rolled up, the conductor gave a "high ball," Percival released the brakes, whistled off, and the fire train rolled down the grade toward home. The whole crew was tired, hungry, black and sleepy.

That night Percival slipped into the fire-train shanty as inconspicuously as possible, as befitted a green fireman. But no sooner was he seated than the work train brakeman said, "Say, Bud, I hear that was some run you made last night. You know I always thought you could cut the buck. When I first saw you I says to myself, 'There's a railroad man.'"

Percival replied carelessly, "Oh, it was nothing much," as a railroad man should, but his back unconsciously straightened and he looked at the rest of the crew challengingly, for he knew that at last he was a railroader.

De Witt Spark, '25



Sonnet

Relentless Time!—if I could stay thy flight—
 If I could banish thine unceasing urge
 To hurry, hurry—making us to surge
 Like milling cattle given sudden fright,
 I would a thousand things bring out to light
 Which, started, have been buried to thy dirge;
 From out their quick-built tombs they would emerge
 And finished be—removed from their blight.
 Eternity alone is time for me
 To do the thousand things that I would do;
 Eternity not marred by years or hours,
 Which, all on-pushing, never it is free
 From their behest—but endless, and in lieu
 Of days, no measurement would check our powers!

Virginia Voorhies, '26.



Class History

On the twenty-eighth of August, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, there appeared upon the great plain of learning a small group of one hundred and forty-five pioneers, the Freshman Class of Junior College. This small group of pioneers was lead by two experienced and wise guides, Mr. Lillard and Miss Coolege, and their sub-guides, the faculty, leaders who had many times successfully guided prospecting pioneers across the skull-scattered plains of learning. Across the shoulders of the pioneers were slung their weapons, math books, zoology books, history books, and English books. In the lumbering, dusty covered wagons were the pioneers' provisions, early home training, high school education, and personality.

As the pioneers plodded forward, one of the scouts brought in word that a band of hideously painted savages lay hidden in the distant underbrush. Some of the small band became so frightened that a number of the men and women turned back and started for a more civilized and pleasant community. After holding a mass meeting the pioneers decided to hastily construct a fort from which they could fight this savage tribe, Ignorance.

Soon after the erection of the fort and the first skirmish with the savages, who were driven to the wood to wait for a chance to attack, the pioneers planned to give a Kid Party to celebrate their success and to drown their weariness and sorrow. One would scarcely recognize many of the travelers in their costumes. Imagine the perfect marksman, Tom Stock, who wears more savage scalps in his belt than any other man, dressed in short trousers, a beruffled blouse, and a glaring red bow tie tucked under his chin; or the brave little pioneer, Verna Hannah, who successfully frightened away the brutal savage chief, Mispelled Words and his warriors, Poor Diction and The Comma Fault, demurely dressed in crisp yellow organdy and a fluffy hair ribbon; or the faithful guide, Mr. Bell, dressed in the garb of a six-year-old boy. Until late hours of the night the gay party danced and made merry, but with the coming of the morning they were ready for duty.

The Pioneers were again in need of cheer after the long period of constant fighting; so on October the twelfth they gave, with the help of an older group of pioneers, the Sophomore class, a carnival. The evening proved a big success with breath-taking games of chance which took the fancy of the men, the mysterious Whiz Bang Farm, and a play presented by the drama class.

There followed many months of war, broken now and then by a play, a dance, a party, and several weeks of Christmas vacation. Then came the Spring with its wealth of new energy and calming influences when the savages made a last attack in the form of final examinations. Here many of our sturdy members perished.



After a lapse of several months' vacation, we again find the hardened pioneers established in their fort. With us now is a group of new pioneers, the in-coming Freshman class. In our old group are many new faces, but several of our old members have been overcome by the heartless History Examinations, the brutal Zoology Finals, the overpowering English Tests, and the fatal Irregular French Verbs; others have strayed into new settlements or been lost in the wilderness, Bread-and-Butter-Making-without-culture.

On October the twenty-fifth the second annual Kid Party was held. This proved to be as gay an affair as the previous party. The new Freshman pioneers were made welcome to our fort with dancing, games, and refreshments of all-day suckers and punch. Here one found not the serious, grown-up pioneers, but little boys in knee breeches and turned-up hats, little girls in short stiff dresses carrying their dolls or a fluffy kitten. The costuming prizes were awarded to Percy Westerberg and Elizabeth Fletcher as the cutest dressed boy and girl.

The fighting this Fall was not so severe as it had been the previous year. Many of the old chiefs and their warriors, such as Chief Science Requirements, and Necessary Language Credits, had been killed, but some of the savages continued to dog every move of the pioneers. We were sure that the cunning savage Subject and examination would finally conquer Charles Gamblett. Three times they fought with such fierceness that it seemed they both must perish. However, in the fourth battle Charley completely overcame the fearful savage. Some of our group were tricked by the supposed friendly half-breed Athletics and turned over to the terrible man-beast Failed. Once in the clinches of the savages they could not be ransomed.

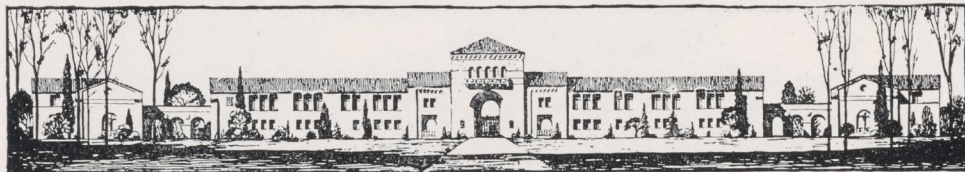
The life at the fort has become quiet. The savages have become friendly enough for the diminished number of pioneers to leave the fort in which they have so long been harbored. On June fifth with many farewells and good-byes the band, now numbering only fifty-five men and women, start in groups and alone across the unbounded plains of learning. Across their backs are strapped their supplies, the Sacramento Junior College certificate which will take each bearer into bigger and better fields.

As each weary pioneer plods from sight over the horizon, he takes one last look at the rough little fort where he spent many hard but profitable months and wishes deep in his heart that he and his pioneer mates may have left a bigger, a brighter, and a better place for those pioneers who are to follow.

Meredith Pollock, '25.







Foreword

Some colleges include in such a book
Class benedictions, wills or prophecies,
Wherein the future fond alumni look
To aid the courses of their memories.
Yet we believe that such a system lacks
The power to paint the happy scenes once more;
Its aids become mere vehicles of "cracks"
Which add no jot of joy to mem'ry's store;
So we've evolved these personal paragraphs
And, through impressions, hope that they convey
The joys and disappointments, wincings, laughs,
Which will each character the best portray.

Whether the foils be of steel or of words, fencing is the most thrillingly romantic of all sports, and **Roy Portman** the most finished of fencers.

Jacob Yee: In climbing the mountain of knowledge, we are led to observe that those who use their wind least in self-advertising soonest reach that point where self-advertising is unnecessary.

Leah Slater: Smiles are contagious against which we need never quarantine.

Helen Braddock: What shall we say? Surely Helen has heard said, "Wise is the man who counseleth with himself for he shall never be strangled by his own words."

Dolores Cameron: Now minstrels pipe diligently that we may go to dance.

Verna Hannah: More than a million souls in a very fair lady.

Charles Gimblett: Ya fader, but mine hart begynnyth to quake,
To se that sharpe sword drawyn soo
Of youre countenance I have much wonder.
(This scene took place shortly after Chuck's birth)

Gordon Niebling: Young men will be young men.

Henry McArthur: When you sleep in your cloak there's no lodging to pay.

De Witt Spark: He switched from engineering to law. Well, since one must pass his life among the homo boobiens, I suppose he may as well analyze dirt as diagram it.

Vesta Raynsford: Even nature has shown us that it can be uselessly prodigal, for why should a girl need both charm and ability.

Ed Fairbairn: Once in a prohibition enforcement a man of mathematical mind is endowed with a sociable personality. Then comes one of those rare occasions when the Student Association and the Engineers club can rejoice at the same time.

Radford Amaden: He started out to be a dirt farmer, but turned to law to find a place where there really was DIRT.



Leigh Shoemaker:

That the world is growing better
Some black pessimists deny,
And so don't try to help it,
Nor for improvement try;
But some are not so cynical
(Their minds are not so formed)
Leigh started as an engineer,
But in one year—reformed.

Olive Ehrhardt: True simplicity is unconsciously audacious.

Ettroile Kent Brown: One wise heart is worth a wilderness of fools.

Homer O'Brien:

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot comes schust to mine knee,
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As ever you did see
He runs and chumps and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house!
But vot off dot? He vas mine son.

Louis Gebhardt: He who has truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasions of his tongue.

Rosetta Foster: He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

Robert Malloway: The true sign of a student is diligence.

Clarice Runyon: Congratulations! God gave his beings one mouth and two ears so they could hear twice as much as they talked, but only a few girls took the hint.

Aleta Voss: Chemistry and Physics must be trying courses for a girl to take. Imagine being confronted with the grim truth that there are things that are accurate; that have definite causes instead of "because"; that will not wait for one; and, worst of all, to which one cannot talk back.

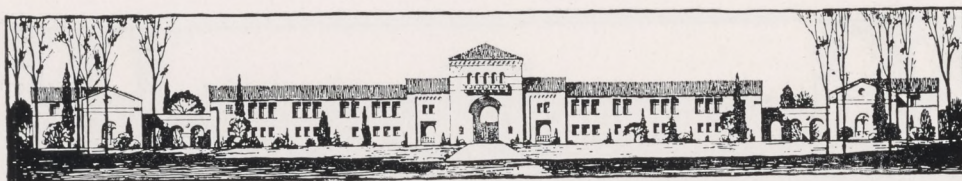
I sing a ditty of three musketeers
Of the J. C., A. A. Engineers.

Quadrants and baselines, angles and elevations
Integral calculus, quadrilaterals, deviations;
Polysyllabic words like these
Delight the heart of **Martin Ries**.

Protractors, altitudes, rhommoids and rectangles,
Metrical measurements, trigons and triangles;
He's steeped in these for two long years—

Adrian Wahlander of the engineers.

Cyimuths and taper curves, supplements, complements,
Transits and verniers, slide rules and instruments,
And a carefully calculated calibration
Fill **Julius Frieeseke** with wild elation.



Edwin Cechettini:

Chick is my confectioner; I shall not crave,
He maketh me to lie down with indigestion:
He leadeth me into the co-op,
He ruineth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of unrighteousness
for my shekels sake.
Yea, tho I walk thru the shadow of the co-op door, I will fear
much evil for Satan leadeth me.
With pleasant duty.

Thou preparest a bill in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my face with milk chocolate; my pockets are
empty.
Surely dyspepsia and halitosis shall follow me all the days of
my life:
And I shall dwell in the house of the misunderstood forever.

Helena Harper:

For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty
And all my ways are dewy wet

Meredith Pollock: Though the Babbitts affirm that they attained
their distinguished places by hard work, it becomes more and more evi-
dent that recognition is more dependent on the chin than on the brain. But
cheer up, there is a personal satisfaction in knowledge.

Ed Smith: Social favorite; valedictorian; pre-medic; star debater,
and most unique paradox. A modest politician!! May our S. J. C. be
blessed with more such inconsistency.

Mrs. Clara Werner:

When married ladies come to college,
To pursue coveted knowledge,
They do not waste their precious time
So 'mongst the ten best students climb.

Tom Stock: A-and, and-aus, aus, aus-Bis, Bis-cal, cal-cha, cha-con,
con-Dem, Dem-Edw, Edw-Eva, Eva-Fra, Fra-gib, gic-Har, Har-Hus, Hus-
Ita, Ita-Kys, L-Lor, Lor-Mec, Med-Mum, Mum-Odd, Ode-Pay, Pay-Pol, Pol-
Ree, Ref-Sai, Sai-Shu, Shu-Sub, Sub-Tom, Tom-Ves, Vet-Zym, Index.

Helen Tabor: "You needn't sneer," said the brown teddy bear on our
dean's desk, with a flip of its sawdust brain. "With some people around
here I am more popular than some of you boys with head fillings of ani-
mated sawdust.

Doris Gerrish: Simplicity of character is no hindrance to stability
of intellect.

Helen Kauffman: Ah, that such sweet things should be so fleet;
Such fleet things so sweet.



John Corvin: I once admitted, to my shame—
That football was a brutal game,
Because she hates it.

Irvin Ford: The real men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

Elizabeth Fletcher: The pursuit of the perfect, then is the pursuit of
sweetness and light.

Pauline Norboe: God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman.

Ruth Ehrhardt: The meek shall inherit the earth.

Thorwald Jensen: The purification of politics is an iridescent dream.

Robert Jensen: With a higher moral nature will come a restriction
on the multiplication of the inferior.

Percy Westerberg: Our champion gymnast—he's always doing some-
body a good turn.

Henry Sleeper: He who makes one wise crack is a clever man, but
he who makes two wise cracks must have proofs of their originality.

He took a team, a team in debt,
That never drew a dozen rooters;
And a college paper (five hundred readers)
And our Pioneer, at a month's notice,
Making them all pay.
Who can doubt the future of—
Jim Sherritt, Captain of Industry?

Helen Rohl: Men's egotism makes them wish to be angry with a
girl who can equal the ability of the best of them, but, when they see the
girl, they can't.

(Space paid for by **Hi Henderson**)

Wanted: A permanent dancing partner who is not afraid to take the
initiative by February 29, 1928—**Lynn Smith.**

John Tucker: Remember, ye ambitious ones, that it is written that:
The tortoise that climbs a mountain goes higher than the jackal that ties
himself to the tail of a rocket.

Chester Store: Girls adore football players—and sometimes vice
versa.

Jack Schulze: What might be termed a gyroscopic personality.

Alice Whalen: A devotee of both music and Stravinsky.

Aileen Van Voorhies: One is sure to be liked who uses her voice
only for singing.



L'envoi

In these white pages we have planned
For all to see,
A slice of that exotic land
Of memory.

We've done our bit, and now we lay them by,
And in this vault of memory let them lie;
Now from this happy past we'll turn our eyes
To find our future hidden 'neath the skies.

The lamp of learning's kindled now
As on we pass,
Many the ways the students go
Of this our class.

We wish you fortune, all who read this book,
And when through these impressions you shall look
To check forgetfulness, that mem'ry may not die,
Just drop a thought of thanks to "Phil" and "By".

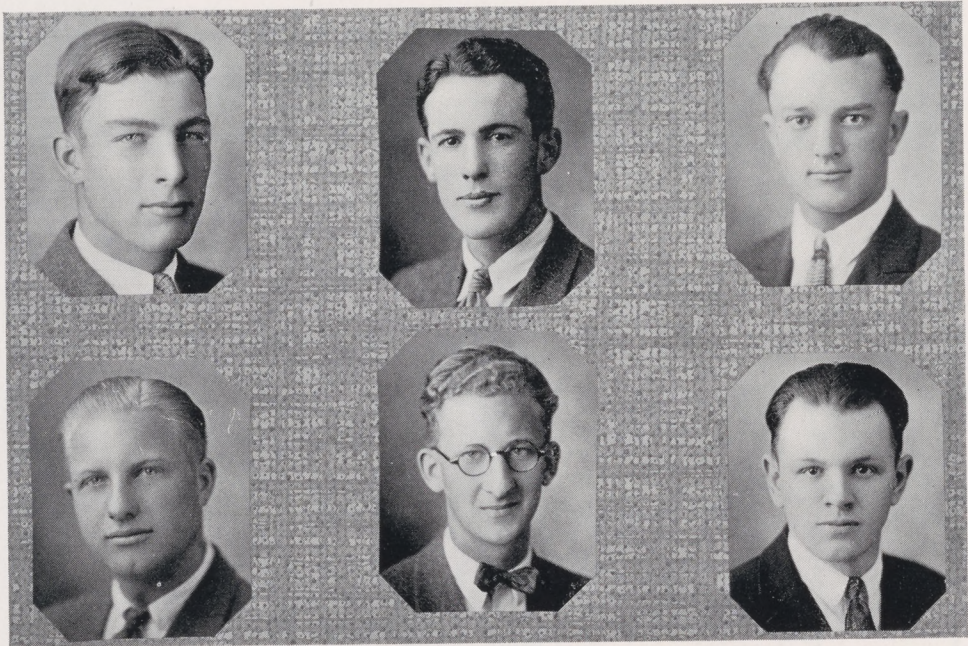
Phil Broughton
Byron Prouty



Ah! What's this?—a little space, but no more. We will use it to tell to the world our thanks for the co-operation given by the students and faculty of the Sacramento Junior College in the preparation of this book.

Merci!
Gracias!
Gratias Ago!
Danken!
Toinks!
Thanks!





GORDON NIEBLING
Football
JOHN HAFNER
Tennis

MYRON WELLS
General Athletic Manager
WALLACE BRANSFORD
Track

WRIGHT CALLENDER
Baseball
LEIGH SHOEMAKER
Basketball

Athletic Management

The past college year has been what might be called an experiment in the management of the college athletics. In the spring of 1924 the student council recognized the fact that athletics in the college were beginning to take on gigantic proportions, and a system of management was needed that would take care of the then present and the future.

Our present system, although many faults were found in the first year of trial, has the appearance of becoming just the thing for coming years. The system establishes a center of responsibility; something that has, if lacking in athletic control, a decidedly detrimental affect. An athletic manager is appointed by the Fall council. This manager holds office for one whole year and it is his duty to perfect the schedules and to take charge of all athletic finances. Under this athletic manager there are various sport managers which are elected by the representatives of the different sports. It is the duty of these secondary managers to take charge of all the paraphernalia of their sport and to assist the captain.

Because of the newness of the system, the past year found many inconvenient blunders that should be lacking in the next athletic season. It is planned that there will be a budget for each sport and the season schedule shall be worked out long before the sport actually starts. It will be only necessary for the teams to be organized. During the past year it was necessary for each manager to work out his own individual schedule right in the middle of the playing season. But next year, due to the great effort on the part of athletic manager Myron Wells, each sport shall have its schedule set ahead. On giving the system the thorough "once-over" from all angles, it appears to be satisfactory. The first year may be considered as the "Pioneer" year when blunders are to be expected.



Just 3



Happy



Scholars



Giggles



Truckee



Helen!
Oh! Guess



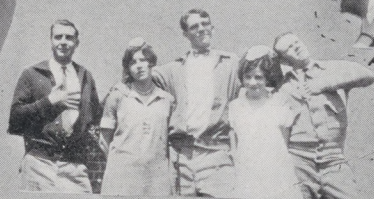
Really!



Angel
Child



Look Twice



Family Portrait



Just
School Days



-8-9-10!



Different
Opinions

Bell



—Courtesy of The Sacramento Bee *den.*



Football

On reviewing our past football season we come to the conclusion that the 1924 season, while not remarkable in point of games won, was a very important one and did much to improve the athletic conditions at S. J. C. It has shown us the folly of trying to play successfully in a conference that requires financial backing way above our ability to provide. We have at last realized the advantages of playing institutions that are geographically near us. Our next year should be a successful one, financially at least.

Those Seen Around the Goal Posts:

Coach Carl Shattuck. "Coach" began the season with a bunch of indifferent fellows, but after three weeks' of good hard driving he had the fellows working on a business-like basis. He emphasized the point that foolishness and football don't mix well. His efforts will be recognized next Fall.

Captain Hiram Hendren. "Hi" played the quarterback position like a general. Unfortunately for both himself and the team he dislocated his shoulder in the middle of the season. He had 115 pounds of fight and was 21 years old.

Otto Krueger. "Swede" was a rare performer at halfback. He will be there next year, too. Weighs 160 and is 21.

Emilio Veranini. "Van" was our plunging fullback, hailing from Santa Clara Prep.; back this year. Weight, 165 lbs.; age, 20.

Myron Wells. "Myrie" played at right guard. He was always in the game and made life hard for the opposing linesman. Too bad he is leaving us this year. Age 21 years. Weight 170 lbs.

Gordon Niebling. "Gordie" carries a wickedness seldom found at tackle. Gone but not forgotten, "Gordie." Age 21. Weight 170 lbs.

William Anater. "Willie" alternated at center and half and was about "nip and tuck" in either position. Age 18 years. Weight, 168 lbs.

Harvey Towne. "Iron Man" played the guard position and surely lived up to his name. Weight 175 lbs. Age 19 years.

Hugh Hayden. "Hughie" was a hard-playing lanky halfback who could be depended upon for yards. Weight 170 lbs. Age 19 years.

George Davis. "Society" was a hard-playing conscientious halfback with a mean disposition. Age 18 years. Weight 165 lbs.

John Hafner. "Jawn" held down the right guard locality and when he got in the vicinity of a play it either went around him or stopped. What else could it do? Weight 178 lbs. Age 19 years.

Gordon Stafford. "Babs" was slated as a star end man but because of a bad shoulder early in the season he had little chance to show his wares. See you later "Babs". Weight 155 lbs. Age 19 years.

Francis Bickford. "Bick" is a man to be feared at guard. He'll be back this Fall, and, Oh, boy! Weight 165 lbs. Age 21 years.



Clyde Edgington. Clyde was the hefty man at guard. Back this next year. Weight 165 lbs. Age 21 years.

Charles Gimblett. "Chuck" is a regular squirrel when he takes after one of those long flight punts. Aged 20 years. Weight 150 lbs.

Joe Kesler. Joe made a record in a short time as an end man. We blame a bad leg for taking a good man from the regulars early in the season. Good luck next year, Joe. Weight 144 lbs. Age 18 years.

Walter Sellon. "Walt" did not get started until late in the season because of a bad hand, but next year he will probably hover around the "quarterbacktaincy." Weight 155 lbs. Age 19 years.

Fred Knott. The "Knothead" was not half as bad as his name signifies, but he lacks avoirdupois. Eat fat meat this Summer, Fred. Weight 150 lbs. Age 20 years.

Byron Prouty. "By" was the official strangler of the team. He played a wonderful game at end and had the opponents ever in a "cold sweat". S'long, "By." Aged 19 years. Weight 155 pounds.

Fred Orrick. "Curly's" position was guard and we might say that he plays like an educated one. Weighs 170 lbs. Age 19 years.

Warren Ahart. "Big Boy" (every team has at least one) was a tackle with 200 lbs. to furnish the upholstering of the line. And punt, migosh! What a loss. Age 20 years.

Henry Alltucker. "Heinie" was the twin brother of Warren, at least in volume and in playing position. Nothing ever passed him and he usually got impatient and went after it. Weight, 210 lbs. Aged 20 years.

William Borchers. "Bill" made a record in high school and in S. J. C. last year that he is going to find hard to live up to. We believe that he can do it, though. Age 18 years. Weight 150 lbs.

Marrison Mull. "Marry" was effective, in spite of all his "holy" socks, at both end and guard. He was fast and had tons of grit. He is at present trying his luck at U. C. Age 20 years. Weight 162 lbs.

John Tucker. "Jawn" is reckoned as one of the best centers in Northern California. He puts fight into the game wherever he plays, even sometimes engaging the umpire. A good man is lost. Age 21 years. Weighs 155 pounds.

Game Summary.

Date.	S. J. C. vs.	Played at	Opponents.	S. J. C.
Sept. 25	Preston	Sacramento	14	16
Oct. 1	Davis Aggies	Davis	14	0
Oct. 4	Chico State	Chico	7	0
Oct. 11	C. O. P.	Sacramento	39	0
Oct. 18	Preston	Sacramento	9	7
Oct. 25	San Mateo J. C.	Sacramento	42	0
Nov. 1	Preston	Preston	19	6
Nov. 11	Grass Valley Legion	Grass Valley	0	18



Basketball

In a few words, the 1925 basketball season might be summed up thus—"A badly depleted treasury." Without money it was impossible for us to schedule many intercollegiate games, hence there was not enough competition promised to draw the right kind of spirit out of the fellows. In addition, it was necessary that we practice on a badly crowded high school gymnasium floor; a fact that did not in the least help matters.

Early in the season the annual interclass game was played and it was considered the best game that has ever been played by the two classes. The final score was 26 to 18 for the Sophs. An extra large group of rooters from both classes were present and the faculty helped enliven things by picking a team to root for.

The first intercollegiate game was played early in the season with the Chico Staters. A preliminary game was played by the college 145-lb. team vs. the Chinese Athletic Club. The lightweights won this game 21 to 18, and earned it. The unlimited team lost 18 to 23.

The joker of the season was when we took a team of combined lightweights and a few regulars over to Davis to tangle with the "Aggies." We left our honor in Davis by being defeated 51 to 9. Oh, what a mess!

Our third and last game was with the C. O. P. "Tigers." The lightweight teams of the two colleges put on the first part of the program with a lively but one-sided game. We lost 36-7. Joe Gordon and Henry Alltucker supplied the thrills of the evening by placing shots from the center of the court, (but to no avail). The unlimiteds lost 32 to 15.

The lightweight team under the management of Wright Callender carried their season on a few weeks farther than the unlimited were able. The greater portion of their games were played with various teams of the city and a few with teams out of town.



Fencing

During the past year, fencing has progressed very rapidly, both in the college and in this city. The fencing class is the largest in the history of this institution. Nevertheless, though the interest in the art of fencing has been high, the Junior College has not organized a team for inter-collegiate competition. This has been due only to the intense outside activities of the college fencers, along the lines of their favorite sport. It therefore rests with the fencers of the coming year to develop inter-collegiate fencing, especially with Stanford and California. We fencers, who are leaving the college, would like to see that brought about, and we feel that the college has a good chance of obtaining victory.

As I said before, the college fencers have been active in outside activities. One of these activities was the organization of the Sacramento Fencers Club, last January. Alvin Beach, Charles Uomini, George Scribner, and Prof. A. Zallio represent the college on the club charter, and Jesse Lubin heads the business and professional men's representation. Soon after, a woman's auxiliary to the S. F. C. was formed, with several college women figuring prominently. In March, under the leadership of Jesse Lubin, a Sacramento Valley Division of the Amateur Fencers League of America was formed, after a charter had been obtained from New York. A larger group of college and business men sponsored this organization. The result was that the Pacific Coast A. F. L. A. Championship bouts were held in the lobby of the Hotel Senator, under the auspices of the local division. Of the six fencers that composed the Sacramento teams, four were college men. They were Byron Prouty, Charles Uomini, Roy Portman, and Irving Ford.

It is obvious, therefore, that the fencers have accomplished something worthwhile. They have helped to develop a desirable contact with people not directly connected with the college. However, there still remains the work of furthering our pleasant relations with other colleges.

CHARLES UOMINI.

Rifle Club

A new venture was made this year when an attempt was made to organize a rifle team. With the first call for marksmen, about fifteen men put in an appearance. A manager was elected, George Fitzgerald, and extensive plans were laid. At the last minute it was found impossible to secure the rifles needed. The club nearly ran upon the rocks, but they were saved this disastrous end by the promise of a goodly supply of army Springfields for next year. Little was done beyond organization, but next year—wear your armor!



Tennis

Tennis as a competitive sport has passed through its first season at J. C. We have reason to feel somewhat elated over the showing that the boys have made this first year. We were fortunate to have such an experienced group of racquetmen in the college from which to pick the starting nucleus.

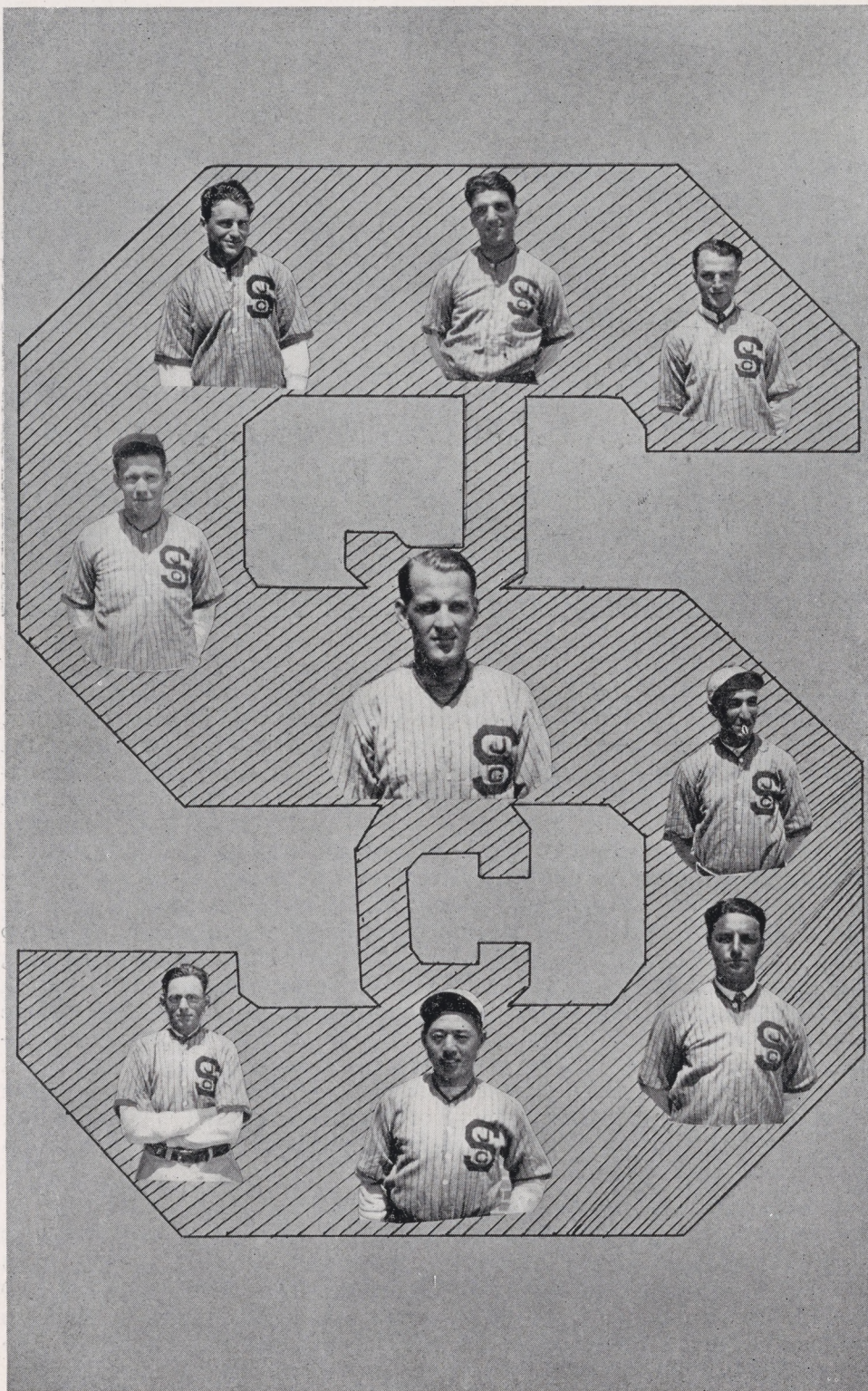
Our netmen, under the efficient management of John Hafner, were first organized early in the year after they had passed up the necessary steps of a ladder tournament. Thirty men turned out for this tourney and it might be said that it was an exceedingly warm affair. The top seven to survive were: Willard Sperry, Kenneth McBride, John Hafner, Ed Cechettini, Marshall Hopkins, Wesley McBride, and Darle Drever.

This group of fellows have been successful in giving to the college what might be termed one of its best athletic returns. They have competed with a number of first class teams and have come out on top in the majority of them. Next year holds promise of an even better return as all of the men, with the exception of number four man, Ed Cechettini, will be with J. C. next year. In addition there is expected a large group of net stars from the high schools.

Game Summary.

April 18—At Sacramento—Modesto J. C.....	3	S. J. C.....	6
April 25—At Reno—Univ. Nevada.....	5	S. J. C.....	4
March 2—At Stockton—Stockton High.....	0	S. J. C.....	9

At press time two more games were scheduled; one with Modesto Junior College and one with Stockton High. Both are return games. We were able to trim Modesto 6-3 minus number 1 man, Willard Sperry. It is inestimable what will be done with Sperry in the mix.





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Henry Alltucker

1924 - Football, Basketball,
Baseball

1925 - Student Council (Picture p. 34)
Fall 1924

Football (P. 82) Henry Alltucker (Henie)
Nothing ever passed him by and he
usually got impatient + went after it.
Wt. 210 lbs 20 yrs old.

Basketball (P. 83) ... Henry Alltucker
supplied the thrills of the evening by placing
shots from the center of the court (but to
No Avail.)

Baseball (P. 87) On first base there comes
the big bulk of "HANK" Alltucker, captain.

HANK has a reach that covers anywhere in
his half acre, and he knows how to use it. His
only fault is that he loses the ball when at
the plate.



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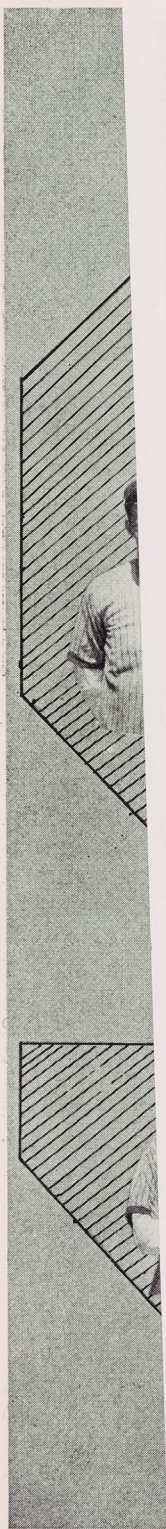
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Baseball

The Sacramento Junior College has just passed through what might well be called a successful baseball season. The college nine has won three of the four scheduled games and a goodly share of practice tilts. The season was cut a little shorter than was previously anticipated because of unfavorable weather conditions and a lack of a suitable diamond on which to practice.

Taking all in all this year's nine has been about the best to have ever sailed under the college colors. In spite of the fact that there has not been enough enthusiasts turning out to provide competition for the regulars, the fellows have managed to keep together in first class manner and have always presented themselves as a regular ball team should.

Looking from the grandstand point of view we are able to offer some information that the players do not know themselves.

Starting with the receiving end: We shall say that this territory, at the beginning of the season, was one of the weakest divisions in the field. But as the season progressed Ted Bunker got wise to himself and could handle almost anything offered him.

We had an exceptionally strong mound staff this year. Bert Chappell is a twirler that is hard to beat and a kind that is seldom found in secondary colleges. His work was always of a high calibre. In addition to Chappell we held in reserve Emilio Varanini, a portsider with a wicked arm. "Van" is about as cool and calm a moundsman as you will find anywhere. Both can handle the "hickory."

On first base there looms the big bulk of "Hank" Alltucker, captain.

"Hank" has a reach that covers territory anywhere in his half acre, and he knows how to use it. His only fault is that he loses the ball when at the plate.

Second was surrounded by the squatty Jack Schulze. No runner ever reached second without being hotly raced by Jack. We only mention that double plays are his hobby.

The short-patch was covered by the "terrible" Joe Gordon. The hotter they came the more terrible he got. He bats second only to the wonderful "Babe."

There were two men to linger around the third sack: John Mahon and Walter Sellon. Both of these boys play a good brand of croquet and both just simply dote on those cute little bunts that are so often the bane of third basemen. Their batting is six of one and seven to John Mahon. He leads by a hair.

'Tis Carl Roggi whom we see cutting capers in the left pasture. He has a wonderful vision, has Roggi. And he bats third to the wonderful "Babe."

In all games it was usually customary to let Fred Zannon and Jacob



Yee take turns at herding things in the center, wayout. Both of the lads are able to cover a wide acreage and neither one needs glasses.

Seldom is there a rightfielder of the ability of Manager Wright Callender found lying loose around a Pacific Coast town. If he is not right careful he will find himself playing ball for a living in some million dollar ball club.

We will experience a little hard luck next year due to the old reaper "Graduation." Captain Alltucker, and Jack Schulze have played ball for J. C. for two years now and they will be sorely missed. Callender and Yee of the outfield will both depart. But despite these losses the team has left a strong nucleus for a primer. A few who will answer the roll call are: Chappell and Varanini, pitchers; Bunker, catcher; Gordon, shortstop; Sellon and Mahon, third; Zannon, center field and Roggi, left field.

Game Summary.

At Davis—Davis Aggies.....	7	S. J. C.....	11
At Chico—Chico State.....	6	S. J. C.....	2
At Sacramento—Preston.....	1	S. J. C.....	5
At Davis—Davis Aggies.....	5	S. J. C.....	7





Track

Starting with a shout and ending in a wail of woe describes to a "T" our 1925 track season. The start could not have been better; thirty men signified their intentions early in the season of taking a course of cinder oval work under Coach Shattuck. By the time of the arrival of the annual interclass track fest all sails were set and everybody was ridin' high. O'Brien and Uhl, who took a place in the earlier meet with the California Freshmen, were slated to run for honors in the dashes. Krueger, quarter-miler, just about had things his own way as McDonald and Kesler, his two nearest rivals, were out because of sickness. Boden, Hayden, and Fitzgerald took care of the mile event and for three new men they performed well. Davis veteraned in the weights and Stafford handled the long spear. The high Frosh took the class meet after a close run with the new Frosh, but the sophomores, who had previously swamped the bookmakers, never saw daylight.

With the exception of the interclass meet, little else was done. J. C. sent two men, Krueger and Fitzgerald, to Fresno to the State Meet but they returned sans any of the coveted tin-ware, and so ends our wail of woe. But with Coach Shattuck back on the job next year we have hopes for better luck.



Sportorial



“As Is”

The past three years have been, athletically, what might be called a large experiment. We have tried in various ways to bring athletics to the indispensable point, but much to our regret, we have found that it can not be done. We have varied our choice of athletic directors to such an extent that we are becoming ashamed. It is rumored—and the office does not deny it—that a director for next year has been selected. This man is one of the famous Coach Zupke's stars and assistants in training the lads at the college of “Red” Grange. But the trouble, at this date, still remains. It evidently lies deeper. Perhaps the athletic equipment is at fault, but on going over the bills for athletics we find huge sums, sums altogether too large for an institution of our calibre, expended on equipment. Only the best ever has been obtained. And as for men to use the equipment, no great trouble has been found in securing plenty of these.

We have suggested a question, “What then, is the best explanation to be given of all of the heavy scores that our opponents pile against us?” We must now attempt to set forth our alibi (no loser should, by all the laws of sports, be without an alibi). We have one.

It has been necessary that the Sacramento Junior College, in the early years of its career, share the buildings and grounds of the Sacramento High School. In so doing, the high school graduates of Sacramento, who compose the greater part of the Junior College student body, hardly notice the change from high school life to college life. It is a well known fact that when a man breaks home ties and begins to shift for himself he must needs double his efforts or go under. Do we not in a sense break home ties when we enter college from high school? Do you see the point? We will never have a college with 100% pep in athletics until we break the high school ties, until we are in a building and on acres of our own. That time is nigh.

EDITOR.

GIRLS' SPORTS





Girls' Basketball Team

'This season Sacramento Junior College put out her first Girls' Basketball Team. Out of practically raw material a team was worked up which did not meet defeat during the season. The girls interested in this sport gave up their lunch hour every Monday and Wednesday to basketball practice. It is a new venture for a girls' team to play outside schools, hence, we had a very short schedule.

The first team consisted of:—

Viola Cox, touch center. "Vi" was rather new at the game but she played like a veteran. The way she covered her center territory and pulled balls down out of the air was great.

The side-centers—it has to be plural, because Anna Belle Crump and Muriel Mahon both played so well that it never was really decided which made the first team.

Ida Banta, guard. Ida appears too slight to play such a hard position, but Ida doesn't believe in appearance always. She prefers the guard position to that of side center which she played in high school. Ida certainly did stop the ball when it came anywhere near her.

Mildred Currier, guard. Mildred changed from forward to guard, and she played her position well. When "Mil" and the other guard heard the first whistle they took all balls that came to their section.

Alice Sears, forward. Alice hadn't played much basketball, but with



hard practice and training she became a fast and thoughtful floor general, and developed a keen eye for basket-shooting.

Stephney Davies, forward and coach. "Steve" was the official "point-maker", as well as being the "backbone" of the team. It was largely through her coaching and lightning playing, that the team attained the success it did.

Betty Brown, sub-guard, played well in any position in which she was needed, but she played her regular guard position best.

Harriet Ness, sub touch-center. Harriet didn't have a chance to show the public how well she could play but the team knows she is good.

The following girls deserve credit for their faithful work in giving the first team practice:—Eunice Marlin, Meredith Pollock, Naomi Lothrop, Pauline Narboe, Eva Bailey, Ruth Gooding, Mildred Kara, Alice Ekstrom, and Alverna Martin.

Schedule for Girls' Basketball.

17.....	Y. W. C. A.—S. J. C.....	23
24.....	Y. W. C. A.—S. J. C.....	32
13.....	Elk Grove—S. J. C.....	28
8.....	San Juan—S. J. C.....	12
2.....	Sacramento H. S.—S. J. C.....	42



As We See It

So much is being said these days about athletics, about the benefits derived from them for the school and the player, but this word athletics is applied, in the average person's mind, to men and boys only. Most people to-day forget that girls have a real part in the athletics of their school. They forget that girls have the right to the benefits, pleasure, and rewards derived from playing a fast, hard game of basketball or baseball.

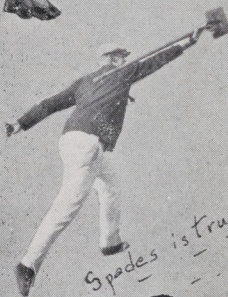
We had a girls' basketball team in S. J. C. this year, although some of the students didn't realize it. The girls played good basketball and came through the season undefeated. No one can say those girls didn't have school spirit. They played to put S. J. C. girls on the map; and the schools of this vicinity will admit they respect this Junior College more than they did before our girls' team played them.

Next year the girls are planning a bigger and better year for girls' athletics, and with the support of the school, they will be able to further the interest in our Junior College, through clean playing and real sportsmanship.

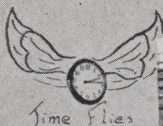
Viola Cox, '26.



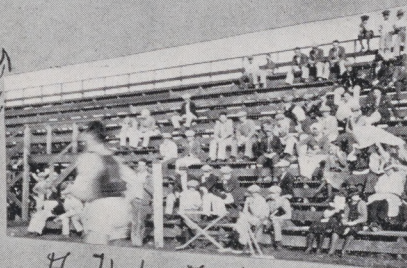
STARS



Spades is trumps



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Two More



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JOKES



F. BURKE.



The best jokes are not printed, they walk around on legs.
* * * *

Baby (crying)—“Papa, I wanna drink.”

Fritz Jansen—“Shut up, up little idiot; so do I, but I don’t go crying around about it.”
* * * *

M. Ries—“The police have found Tanko and Hall. They’re hiding in the desert and living on eggs and milk.”

Aleta Voss (greatly puzzled)—“How’s that?”

Martin—“Well, you see, they have the sheriff’s goat, and the deputies are laying for them.”
* * * *

Some bologna makers put red pepper in their frankfurters to make the hot dogs bite.
* * * *

Mr. Lillard (in Geology)—“The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Edward Smith.”
* * * *

“I’ll never take another drop,” said the drunk as he fell off the skyscraper.
* * * *

J. Sherritt—“They call my girl ‘Spear-mint’.”

T. Jensen—“Why? Is she Wiggly?”

Jimmy—“No; but she’s always after meals.”
* * * *

When speaking of Woman’s Suffrage, Henry C. MacArthur says: “Let ’em suffer.”
* * * *

Minister—“Would you care to join us in the new Missionary Movement?”

Vesta R.—“I’m crazy to try it. Is it anything like the tango?”
* * * *

Two old maids went for a tramp—the tramp died.
* * * *

C. Uomini—“Oh, Mama, look at that man with white pants.”

Mama—“Those are flannels, son.”

Charley—“But, Mama, father’s are red.”
* * * *

“This is the bunk,” said the sailor as he tripped over his bed.
* * * *

Roy P.—“If you keep looking like that at me, I’m going to kiss you.”

Helen B.—“Well, I can’t keep this pose all night.”
* * * *

Chet S.—“Does she paint and powder?”

John H.—“Well, I was out with her last night and never climbed over any white washed fences, and now look at my coat.”



Pauline N.—“I usually go to bed between eleven and twelve.”

Alice W.—“That’s too many in one bed.”

* * * *

“Let’s go straight,” said the corkscrew.

* * * *

Frosh—“Why do they put corn meal on the dance floor?”

Soph—“To make the chickens feel at home.”

* * * *

The Song of the Golash.

Squeesh, Squeesh

Flip, Flip

Squash, Squash

Flop, Flop.

* * * *

Photographer—“Do you want a large or small picture.”

Bob Harkness—“Small, please.”

Photographer—“Then close your mouth.”

* * * *

Tragedy.

He didn’t die from shot and shell,

Upon the fields of France afar,

He starved to death on 7th and K—

While waiting for a G Street car.

* * * *

M. Pollock—“What are you knitting?”

H. Rohl—“Oh, just something to cheer up the boys.”

Meredith—“Why, the war was over a long time ago.”

Helen—“Oh, you see, I’m knitting a bathing suit.”

* * * *

“I certainly am absorbing knowledge,” said the janitor, as he erased the blackboard.

* * * *

Announcement by Phil Broughton:

“When a boy hears a secret it goes in one ear and out the other.
When a girl hears a secret it goes in both ears and out the mouth.”

* * * *

Teacher—“Why did kings tap men on their heads when they knighted them?”

A. Van Voorhies—“Perhaps the stars made the knight seem more realistic.”

* * * *

Old Sea Captain (in his parlor)—“It’s getting pretty late; think I’ll go below.”

Friend (in whisper to see captain’s wife)—“He forgets and thinks he’s at sea.”

Sea Captain’s Wife—“Oh, no; it’s the cellar he refers to.”



Teacher—"Who was Homer?"

Frosh—"The guy Babe Ruth made famous."

* * * *

Byron C. Prouty says: "Women should learn to play the violin. It would give their chins a rest."

* * * *

Pedestrian—"That's an awful poor looking horse you have there."

Cabby—"Yes; you see, it's this way, sir. Every morning I toss up to see whether he gets his hay or I get my beer, and that unlucky horse has lost for six mornings straight."

* * * *

Getting jokes from a joke box is like getting tears from a grindstone.

* * * *

Carolyn E.—"Our children will see many strange things in the years to come."

Clarice R.—"Yes, some day my boy will find a corkscrew and ask me what it was used for and I will get arrested for telling him."

* * * *

Steward—"Your lunch will be up in a minute, sir."

Passenger (starting for the rail)—"So will my breakfast."

* * * *

Delores C. (entering telephone booth)—"I want to speak to my husband."

Central—"Number?"

Delores—"My fifth one."

* * * *

"I guess I'll drop in on the boys," said the miner as he fell down the shaft.

* * * *

H. Mellor—"Hello."

H. Bosworth—"Hello, is Boo there?"

Hilda—"Boo who?"

Horace—"Don't cry, little girl; I guess I have the wrong number."

* * * *

Charity—"Will you donate something to the Old Ladies' Home?"

Generosity—"Help yourself to my mother-in-law."

* * * *

Tom Stock—"I had a fright last night."

Radford A.—"Yeh. I saw her."

* * * *

He—"What's a five letter word meaning "a kick in the pants?"

She—"I—er— why, I don't know."

He—"Flask."

* * * *

Ellis G.—"I hear some of these professors lead a fast life."

Sis Hopkins—"I doubt it. None of them passed me last month."



Joe G.—“Sammy, vere is dot fly vat iss tickling me?”

Sammy—“On your nose, Joe.”

Joe G.—“Ach, do not be so indefinite, Sammy.”

* * * *

A wise man never blows his knows.

* * * *

Jack Schulze—“My face is my fortune.”

Leigh Shoemaker—“How long have you been broke?”

* * * *

The difference between life and love is: Life is one fool thing after another; and love is, two fool things after each other.

* * * *

Mr. Lillard—“Are you a good driver?”

Jack Kingsbury—“Motor, golf, charity, pile, or slave?”

* * * *

H. Towne—“Would you accept a pet monkey?”

V. Hanna—“I’m too young to think of marriage.”

* * * *

A bachelor is a man who thought twice, then forgot to leap.

* * * *

H. O’Brine—“Say, how did you get that red on your lips?”

G. Niebling—“That’s my tag for parking too long in one place.”

* * * *

Wilmere J.—“I want you to come to our dance tonight.”

Chet Stone—“Thanks. Is it formal; or shall I wear my own clothes?”



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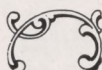
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Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;
If it wasn't for your tongues,
Your teeth would rust.

* * * *

The art class were discussing plans for a sketching hike.

Eva Bailey—"Where will I meet you?"

Mr. Ward—"I'm no better than the rest of you. We'll all meet in the same place."



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They were seated on a little rustic bench. The moon beamed through the trees. All at once the girl timidly said: "Jack, dear, I can't understand why you lavish all your affections on me above all the other girls in the world. Why is it?"

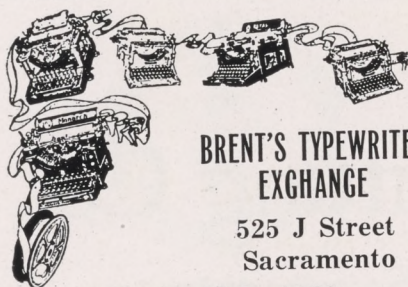
"Hanged if I know," he replied. "All the other fellows down at the club say that they can't make it out either."

* * * *

Bob Malloway—"Grandpa, will you make a noise like a frog?"

Grandpa—"What for, my son?"

Bob—"Dad said we'd get a thousand if you'd croak."



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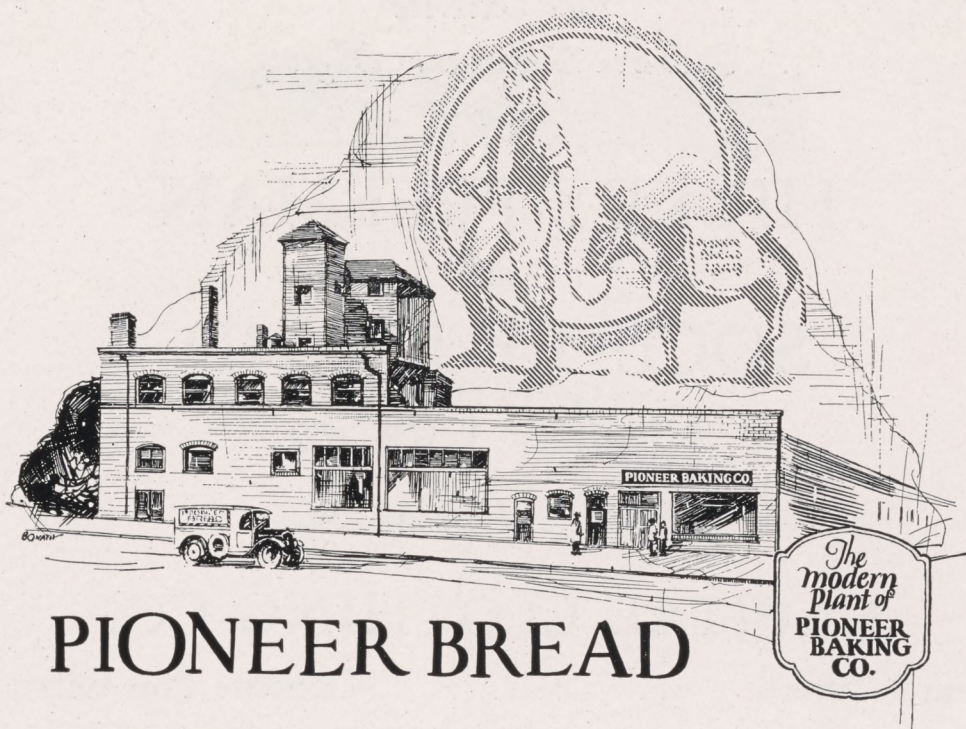
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EARL O. SCHNETZ, President and Manager

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Helena Harper says: "To get the exact value of 100 German marks write down the first "100" then erase the one and rub the rim off both zeros."

* * * *

She—How do you like my new dress?

He—Why, have you got it on?

* * * *

Elwood R.—"I swore off smoking."

Fred O.—"What for?"

Elwood—"Too feminine like."

As Irresistible in Its Appetizing Appeal as It Is Supreme in Quality

CAMP FIRE BRANDS

Ham, Bacon, Lard, Shortening, Salad and Cooking Oils, Sausages

Dressed Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal

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Sacramento



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from

JOBBERS *and* MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION



Sacramento

California

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FRED J. JOHNS, Mgr.

Located in the very center of the business and amusement district. A hotel where courtesy and hospitality is the watchword of every employee.

Headquarters of
Lions Club, Kiwanis Club
High Twelve Club
Ad Club
Sacramento Electrical
Club



To the "Dollar Dinner", for which our dining-room has become famous, we have added a special 75 cent Dinner, and our Luncheons at 35, 40 and 50 cents are wholesome and satisfying.

The "Willow-Plate" Luncheon is 40c

Oh Boy, what a keen, high toned, stylish dresser. Absolutely couldn't be beat—had a perfect shape with well-rounded corners and graceful lines—superb legs that always attracted attention—

There was one drawback, though. Every morning my collar button invariably rolled underneath it.

* * * *

What's the difference between the girls in New York, Los Angeles, and Sacramento?

Well, I have heard that the girls first question concerning a boy in New York "Who is he?" In Los Angeles, "What is he?" But in Sacramento they say, "Where is he?"

For That Fatigue and Tired Feeling

BUFFALO *and* GILT EDGE

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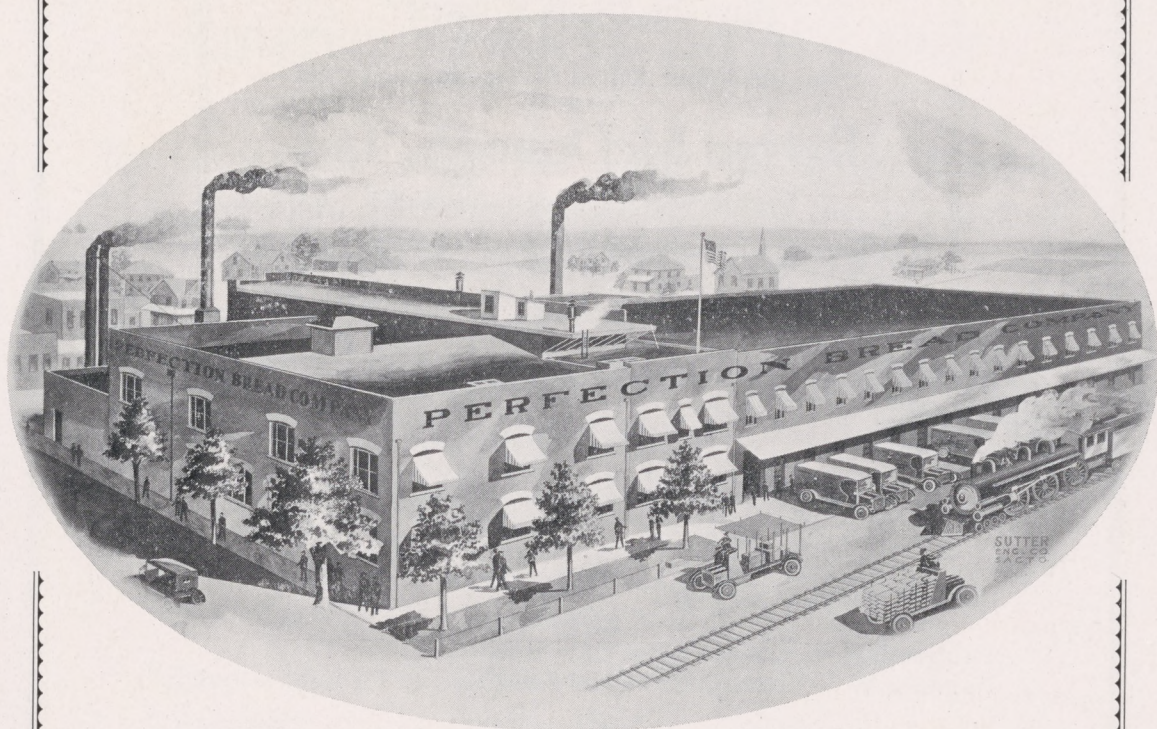
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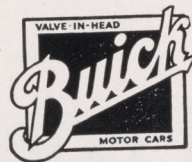
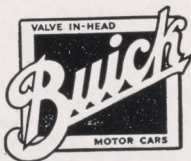
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just as good as a BUICK, when you can
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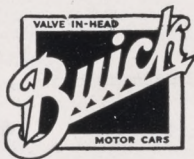
Over 100,000 in Actual Service in California

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Formerly Sacramento Buick Co.

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MAIN 740



Just—Oh! I just hate you. Every time I say anything you stand
there and contradict me.

Married—Why, I do not.

* * * *

Pauline N.—“I wonder what time it is.”

Norman W.—“Come over to the sun-dial and I'll light a match.”

* * * *

Rose Foster—“I don't think that I deserved zero in this test.”

Miss Cooledge—“I know, but that was the lowest mark I could think
of.”

CUTTER
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34th, P to R Streets

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—SAMUEL GOMPERS.

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The Largest Civic and Welfare Organization in Sacramento
7400 Members Directly Responsible for the Welfare of
38,000 of Sacramento's Population

What Do You Know About It?

Meets Tuesdays : Labor Temple
Public Welcome

Sacramento Unions:

Actors Equity	Electricians No. 36	Painters
Allied Printing Trades Council	Electricians No. 340	Piano Workers
Asbestos Workers	Engineers No. 210	Plasterers
Bakers	Engineers No. 851	Plumbers
Barbers	Engineers No. 898	Post Office Clerks
Beer Drivers	Glaziers	Printing Pressmen
Bill Posters	Hod Carriers	Railway Clerks
Blacksmiths	Hotel Maids	Railway Conductors
Boilermakers No. 94	House Movers	Railway Trainmen
Boilermakers No. 743	Icemen	Roofers
Bookbinders	Iron Workers	Rural Carriers
Bottlers	Label League	Sheet Metal Workers
Brewers	Lathers	Shoemakers
Bricklayers	Laundry Workers	Shop Crafts Federation
Building Laborers	Letter Carriers	Sign Writers
Building Trades Council	Locomotive Engineers	Stage Hands
Butchers	Locomotive Firemen	Stereotypers
R. R. Carmen No. 1344	Machinists	Street Railway Employees
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Carpenters No. 2170	Material Teamsters	Teachers No. 44
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Dresden Ties
\$1.50

Those new, bright colored, figured
Ties—patterns attractive and different.

Light Gray Suits
\$35. and better

These attractive gray flannel and wor-
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Selz Shoes
\$6.00

At this price, we show the latest in
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They are made by Cameron in all the
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"K" at 9th
FASHION PARK CLOTHIERS

"Every Man Is Odd" But We Can Fit Him.

Statistics.

Killed by gas in 1923:
32 inhaled it.
140 lighted matches in it.
5,000 stepped on it.

* * * *

Let poets sing their lilting song,
And gaily smite their lyre,
Give me the man who whistles while
He's putting on a tire.

***Magnus
Root Beer***

"It's Fine in the Stein"



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**READY TAILORED CLOTHES
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Room 1406
CALIFORNIA STATE LIFE BUILDING
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Next Class Starts September, 1925



Phone Main 4900

40th and J Streets

Helen Kauffman (angrily)—“I should think that you would be ashamed to speak to me on the street.”

John Corvin—“I am, but one has to be polite, you know.”

* * * *

Mr. Slater—“See here, young man; I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.”

Percy W.—“You're too late, old man; I've already learned.”

* * * *

Judge—“You have been found exceeding the speed limit. What do you want, thirty dollars or thirty days?”

Ed Cechettini—“I'll take the money.”

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If the eyes are normal the hand responds quickly. If the gaze is unsteady or faulty in range; if the eyes are affected by farsight, nearsight, astigmatism or muscular troubles, glasses alone can bring the eye and hand into harmony.

Glasses produced by us have produced wonderful results in such cases.

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Insist on

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The Proverbialist.

"Aha!" exclaimed a man on K Street, "See a pin and pick it up and all the day you'll have good luck." As he bent over to pick it up his hat fell into the mud, his glasses dropped from his nose and smashed on the sidewalk, he burst three suspender buttons and tore the button hole out of the neck band in his shirt.

* * * *

In the Near Future.

Mother—Children, here's a quarter. Go down to the saloon and get your ice cream cones and soda water. And on the way back, stop in the drug store and bring your father home.

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Smartest Modes for the Junior College Girl

Whether it be for the classroom, for sports events, the afternoon party or the dance, the Junior College Girl will find the modes of the moment awaiting her selection at the Bon Marche. Yet these individual styles in youthful apparel and millinery are moderately priced. It will be a pleasure to show you the new things arriving daily from New York.

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Freshmen English.

"The mewl is a hardier bird than the guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward."

* * * *

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust;
If your studies don't get you,
—your finals must.

Efficient
Service

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$5.85 2 \$7.85
PRICES

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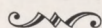
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Pompeiiian Room Is One of the Most Beautiful Dining Salons
in the United States

Our Coffee Shop, Open 24 Hours Each Day, Is in a Class to Itself

The Empire Room Is Ideal for Private Dance Parties

Ed Fairbarn—"I hear that they are going to vaccinate the entire Sacramento police force."

Chuck Gimblett—"I don't see why they want to do that for. A cop in Sacramento never catches anything."

* * * *

She—What is your name?

He Otis Mhee.

She—O-tis me?

And he did.

Let Our Experts do Your Kodak Work

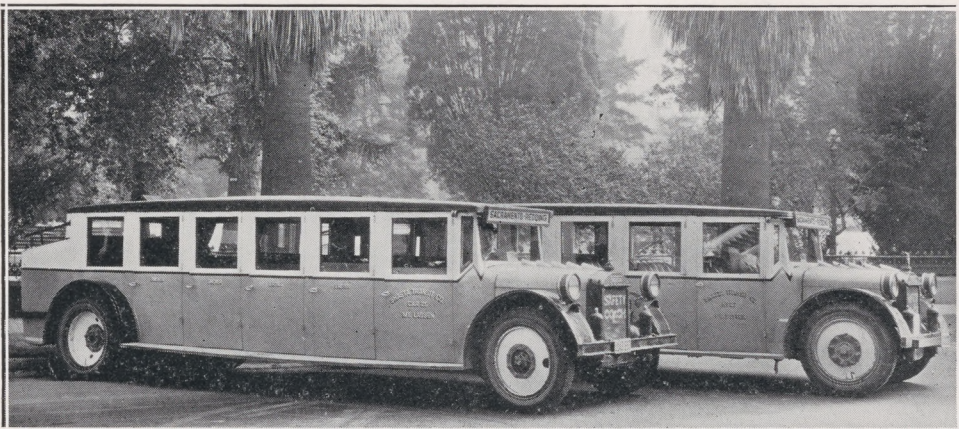


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The comfortable, economical and safe way to go to out of town games—
baseball, track, football or basketball

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UNION STAGE DEPOT

PHONE MAIN 974

Elizabeth F.—“I may not be good looking, but I certainly dress out
of sight.”

Doris Gerrish—“That’s the proper place to dress.”

* * * *

Mrs. Wright—“What is the capital of Russia?”

Jacob Yee—“Oh, about two dollars.”

* * * *

George Beitzel says: “I call my girl ‘Toothpaste’ ’cause she’s good
to the last squeeze.”

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Pianos, Player Pianos
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Sheet Music, Player Rolls
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Instruments
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*Complete Outfitters for
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A Special Department for Junior Girls in THE FASHION CENTER—Third Floor—presents correct apparel, moderately priced.

OUR STUDENTS' SECTION, on the Main Floor, can supply every need of the college man.

Etoile Brown—"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

Lou Harvey—"Certainly not; you'd be killed in the rush."

* * * *

Now, children, what great woman's letters show the suffering and hardships of her times?"

Chorus—"Lydia Pinkham's."

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Diamonds

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CHARLES J. NOACK CO.

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CLEANED AND RENOVATED

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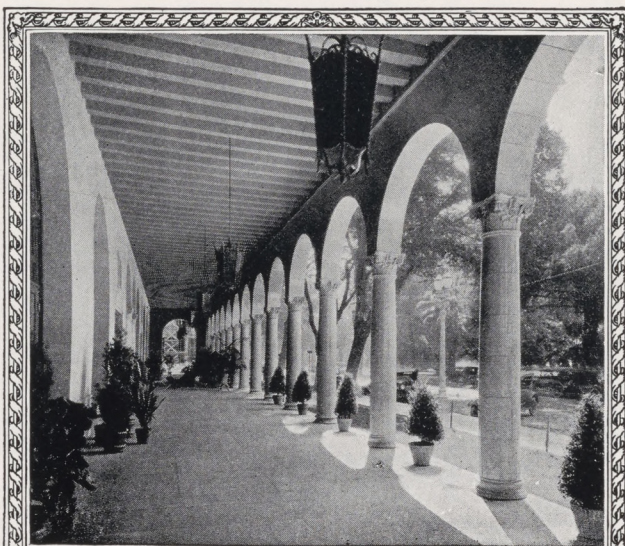
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facing the State Capital Park ~ This new \$2,500,000 building expresses the most advanced thought in hotel architecture, and adds many conveniences to the best previously known ~ 374 rooms, each with private bath, many with both tub and shower ~ European plan ~ Numerous rooms at \$3

CARL SWORD, *Manager*

Modern Styles.

Tailor (measuring customer—"And how will you have the hip pocket, sir. For a flask or revolver?"

* * * *

Miss Murphy (in Freshman English)—"Can't you see that this whole chapter is a sermon?"

J. Fritz—"No wonder I fell asleep when I read it."

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Our greenhouses are always stocked with beautiful, fresh cut flowers, and ferns.

Our bulbs and seeds are of the highest quality and hardiest stock.

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in any other out-door Sport or Recrea-
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At Economical Prices for Quality Goods



607-11 K STREET

SACRAMENTO

She—That moustache rather reminds me of a football game.

He—How's that; even on each side?

She—No; first down.

* * * *

Ed Smith—"Have you any class now?"

Helen Tabor—"Look me over."

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Remember that is the "THEN SOME" that
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Heald's Engineering, Automobile and Electrical School, San Francisco

J. Frieske (over the 'phone)—"Hello, do you know anything about
the Boy Scout Movement?"

Old Fashion Girl—"No; I don't dance that way."

* * * *

Mr. Shattuck—"Do you think you're the teacher here?"

Templeman—"No, sir."

Mr. Shattuck—"Then why do you act like an idiot?"

* * * *

H. Braddock—"Can you dance?"

F. Knott—"No; but I can hold them while they dance."

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Phone Main 70

YARD: Front and W Streets

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"Everything for the House"

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When Home Attracts—

THE home to-day must compete with amusement places, many of which are undesirable. Love and good nature go far toward making Better Homes, but it is well recognized that the surroundings exert a subtle, yet powerful influence on those who are daily associated with them.

The housewife and mother who gives thought to the furnishing of her home is wise—and blessed, indeed—for she is building for herself and those she loves a joyful present and a happy future, free from regrets of what might have been.

She is making her husband and her children proud of their home, the place above all others in which they prefer to entertain their friends. For young people are naturally sensitive and will not invite their companions into a home of which they are secretly ashamed.

Only when a home does attract can it be the center of family life, as it should. At Breuner's a home may be furnished attractively and comfortably at a moderate cost.

Little Clara Werner will now favor us with a lullabye entitled—
"Eggs, Aged Eggs."

Were calmly hatching.
Eggs to my right,
Eggs to my left,
Eggs at my feet,

* * * *

"Well, I came down with flying colors," said the painter as he fell off the scaffolding with a paint bucket in each hand.

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Features

ROUGH RIDER "CORDS"

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THE Factory Store
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This store has clung to the principle of selling BETTER THINGS for the least money—believing in the keen shopping instinct and intelligence of the American woman. We believe this policy has steadily increased our business through good times and hard times.

A magazine writer tells us that a dog fills an empty space in a man's life.

This is especially true of the hot dog.

* * * *

Mr. Thorpe—"Henry, you have a good head for Math."

H. Sleeper—"Thank you, but why?"

Mr. Thorpe—"Both plane and solid."

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Gifts*



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Everything for the Student

Books, Paper, Note Pads, Pens, Pencils, Drawing Sets
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In fact, not a thing that the student needs has been overlooked
in our stocks

MAIN
75



MAIN
74

John Tucker was a stranger to his wife's first cooking and had just been introduced to corn on the cob. After having eagerly devoured one ear, he passed the despoiled cob to his wife with the quiet natural request: "Will you please put some more peas on my stick, dear?"

* * * *

"Here's my bill," said the surgeon. "Wish you would pay down \$100 and then \$25 a week."
De Witt Spark—"Sounds like buying an automobile."
"I am," said the surgeon.

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Heating's
Sweets

A Treat for College Days!



LIBERTY ICE CREAM

After a warm day of study, or a strenuous day on the campus—there is nothing so refreshing as a delicious dish of LIBERTY ICE CREAM.

Its purity makes it healthful and wholesome—eat a dish of LIBERTY ICE CREAM every day. Your neighborhood store has it.

Capital Dairy
13th and S Main 414

The Way of a Girl.

At 16—How dare you.

At 18—I'm sure I don't know you.

At 20—I don't think we've been introduced, but—

At 25—I'm sure we have some friends in common, so it doesn't matter.

At 30—Conventions are so foolish, anyway.

At 40—My dear man, can you lend me a match?

The Courtesy of Credit—

FOR twelve years Harger's has served the people of Sacramento with a part payment plan based upon a careful and extensive study of credit methods in all parts of the country, and which Harger's believes is the most liberal plan offered anywhere.

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The Pioneer
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Good Things
to Drink

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College Education”

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CONFECTURANT**

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F. F. MESSA, Manager

An overdressed, highly painted woman rushed up at an attendant in the theater lobby. “Officer! That man over there tried to kiss me!” The blue coat regarded her steadily through her makeup. “Are you sure?” he asked.

“Of course,” she snapped. “He put his arm around me and tried to kiss me.”

“Well, well,” he said slowly. “What do you know about that?”

The Chemistry Quartet will now favor us with a little ditty entitled, “The Sulphide Blues.” The words ain’t much, but Oh! the air.

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LET US SUPPLY ALL
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We extend to the graduates of
1925 of the Sacramento Junior
College our best wishes for their
success in whatever field of en-
deavor they may choose to enter.



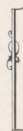
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208 J St., Sacramento

